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Events of the Week.

THE Coalition is dying of a series of shocks and amputations. During the week: (1) Mr. Montagu has resigned, and told his constituents that the government by Mr. Lloyd George is a form of anarchy. (2) Lord Derby, the most popular of the Tory leaders, has refused to take his place. In other words, he reserves himself for the coming Conservative Government. (3) The elaborately staged meeting of the Unionist Members of Parliament (the Union has ceased to exist), called to set the Coalition on its feet, and give Mr. George his "guarantees," broke up in more or less of disorder, without daring to put the pro-Coalition resolution to the vote or to submit a vote of confidence in its leaders. The Moderates explain that their object is to keep the Conservative Party intact. In other words, the Die-Hards are no longer rebels, but leaders. (4) The National Unionist Council only refrained from passing a unanimous vote of confidence in the arch-rebel Younger at his special request. (5) The Junior Constitutional Club, a head centre of Conservatism in London, has passed a resolution in favor of the Conservative Party standing alone at the election unfettered by any relations with the Coalition.

* * *

HERE, therefore, is Mr. Lloyd George's notice to quit, endorsed in a good, legible hand. The chief question left open would seem to be whether he will go advising a dissolution and will get it, or whether the King will send for the heads of the Conservative Party. The latter would seem to be the constitutional, and, indeed, the obvious course. There is a Conservative majority in the Commons, and there are plenty of Conservative candidates for a Cabinet. Birds of passage like Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead would probably make a quick homing journey in that direction, stimulated by the thought that if they were not quick enough, a strong Government could be formed without them. The probable Prime Minister would be Lord Derby, Mr. Chamberlain being compromised in the manœuvres of the last month and not being markedly popular. The danger, of course, lies in the possible loss of the Irish Bill, and, for that reason, it would be well, if it were possible, for Mr. George to delay his resignation to the hour when that immense peril has disappeared. But Lord Lansdowne, the wisest statesman in Conservatism, has again interposed with prudent counsel to the Lords; and we may hope that the Die-Hards, having drawn their blood and got their offices, will abstain.

MR. MONTAGU gave his explanations on his own enforced resignation to his constituents at Cambridge on Saturday. It was a clever, hard-hitting speech, full of personalities, and those not in the best of taste. Briefly, his defence was that the solidarity of the Cabinet never has existed under Mr. George. This is a matter of common knowledge, and makes, if not a good defence, at least a successful retort. He scoffed at the idea that this was the real reason for his dismissal, which he attributed to the Prime Minister's desire to placate the Die-Hards. In a passage of irresistible irony he begged them to be loyal. He told the story of the Reading telegram—its circulation to the Cabinet, his instructions to publish it on Saturday, his brief conversation with Lord Curzon, and the latter's verbal protest at the Cabinet on Monday, and then the Foreign Secretary's "plaintive, hectoring, complaining letter." These details do not greatly alter the main point. The dispatch was one which should not have been published without the assent of the Cabinet, or at least of the Premier, and certainly not after a powerful colleague's protest. Between Monday morning and the issue of Wednesday's newspapers there surely was time to stop publication, even in India. But we fail to understand why no one of those who objected to publication raised the matter at the Cabinet.

* * *

ON Tuesday Lord Curzon made a statement in the Lords which contained little of interest save the text of the letter. It is a stiff and formal document, but hardly deserves Mr. Montagu's adjectives. Its enforced publication is perhaps the greatest misfortune of this episode, for it contains a strong censure on Lord Reading for writing the telegram and strictures on the attitude of the Indian Moslems which may aggravate their discontent. This issue is by no means a simple one. As a Cabinet Minister Mr. Montagu had no right to publish the dispatch without authorization, and his speech in the Commons throws no light on this part of his conduct. But had Lord Reading no right to ask for its publication? If that question is put separately, the answer is a little difficult. Lord Curzon speaks of the Indian Government as "a subordinate branch of the British Government, six thousand miles away." Certainly it is not a full Dominion. But Lord Curzon seems to us to go too far. If the Indian Government is only a "subordinate branch" of ours, why is it a member of the League of Nations, and why does it sit with the Dominions in the Imperial Conference? The whole constitutional position of India is anomalous. It is something approaching a Dominion in regard to the outer world, a mere Dependency in regard to the Home Government, and on that ground the tone of its message can hardly be defended. The incident must be reckoned among the pains of transition.

* * *

WE discuss elsewhere the far graver matter of India itself in relation to this personal episode. Mr. Montagu was popular, at any rate with the Moderates, who have just been erecting a statue to him. The Bombay correspondent of the "Times" says that his dismissal has set the bazaars humming, while the arrest of Mr. Gandhi (perhaps because it was expected) is taken quietly. There is "genuine regret," and the Moderates are "somewhat shaken." That is a dangerous sign at a moment when Mr. Gandhi's preaching of non-violence is silenced and the Moslems are especially challenged. Further, the

Politics and Affairs.

AFTER MONTAGU — WHAT ?

THE domestic scandal of Mr. Montagu's dismissal from the Cabinet is an incident which may in retrospect look natural enough as a detail in the death-throes of the Coalition. One regrets its piquancy only because it distracts attention from the far graver issue beneath it. What happened in London between Lord Curzon and Mr. Montagu during the numbered hours of this Government is a trivial matter in comparison with what is taking place, and will take place, in India itself. Mr. Montagu has made a spirited defence of a most improper action, and though it was not in the best of taste, it may have been a suitable retort to his chief and his colleagues. Some years of life in such a Cabinet may well have tended to blunt any natural delicacy of feeling. There can be no question that the publication of Lord Reading's telegram against the protest of Lord Curzon, and without the assent of the Cabinet, or at least of the Prime Minister, was an act which no ingenuity can reconcile with the normal practice of Ministerial responsibility. The telegram was, in effect, a protest against the Near Eastern policy for which the entire Cabinet is nominally responsible. It was, moreover, likely to embarrass Lord Curzon in the coming inter-Allied Conference. The Allies already knew, of course, what India thinks of the Downing Street policy in Turkey, but an advertisement so public and official of India's revolt against it was, from the Downing Street standpoint, a staggering blow. One may condemn that policy, as we do; one may hope that Lord Curzon will be driven to modify it, as we do; but this particular way of driving him was altogether too anarchical. The most plausible explanation of Mr. Montagu's conduct is, indeed, that he may have reckoned that the Coalition would be dead before the telegram appeared.

On the other hand, one must admit the force of Mr. Montagu's *tu quoque*. There has been no such thing as collective responsibility in the Cabinet since Mr. George became its head. He has gone his own way as an irresponsible dictator, and in general he has allowed his colleagues to do as they pleased—until a crisis came, and he elbowed them aside. Through most of these years he has been his own Foreign Secretary, and there have been long periods during which his secretariat seemed to have been substituted for the Foreign Office. Indeed, it is the general belief that the whole pro-Greek policy in the Near East, and in particular the Greek landing in Smyrna, was decided, not so much against the better opinion of the Foreign Office, as without its knowledge. It is from that fountain-head of mischief that Indian discontent and Lord Reading's present protest proceed. But there is no need to multiply examples. Who has forgotten Mr. Churchill's articles in the "Evening News" protesting against shaking the bloody hand of Moscow, while his chief was shaking it? Mr. Montagu sinned against the tradition of Cabinet responsibility, but Mr. George had shattered it long ago. We regret Mr. Montagu's departure from office. The Coalition has of late been Liberal in patches, and it was a very big patch which he had in his charge. His record, if one compares it with the Irish and Egyptian chapters, was one of brilliant enlightenment and very considerable moral courage. If his handling of the Punjab situation was a failure, the reforms which bear his name will remain as a monument of constructive work after most of his colleagues are forgotten. His own reading of the

position is, we believe, sound. It was the Montagu reforms, and not the Montagu indiscretion, which caused the Die-Hards to cheer his dismissal. Like Dr. Addison, he has been thrown to the wolves of reaction.

The dismissal of Mr. Montagu was inevitable, but it could not have come at a worse moment for India. It is known already that his successor will be a Tory, and that will probably mean a tendency to whittle away the reform scheme, when everything shows that the pace must be quickened and the scope enlarged. It may also mean pressure from London towards harsher measures of repression. The result of drafting the telegram may indeed be to cause Indian Moslems to look more kindly on Lord Reading, but the sequel to its publication will certainly suggest to them that they have no friend in Downing Street. How long Lord Reading's own position may be tenable remains to be seen. In any event, he will be henceforth a Liberal Viceroy under a Cabinet which has taken a sharp turn to the Right. At this unlucky moment comes the arrest of Mr. Gandhi. That may have been unavoidable, though we should much have preferred the milder course of calling on Mr. Gandhi to reside elsewhere than in India while the present troubles are at their height. But no Government which respected itself could continue to arrest the lieutenants and followers of Mr. Gandhi, till the gaols are overcrowded with them, while it left the author and dictator of the whole movement completely at large. It might have taken the course of arresting men and women only for definite acts of defiance, but when once it had begun to arrest for articles and speeches and theatrical performances, it was impossible to ignore Mr. Gandhi while it passed heavy sentences on such men as Lala Lajpat Rai. What the effect of the arrest will be is another matter. When one reads the Gandhist newspapers one becomes aware of an atmosphere overcharged with emotions of a kind to which Western men are strangers. "Saint" Gandhi is not so much followed as worshipped. His fasts are spoken of in public meetings much as very devout Catholics in Latin or Slavonic countries speak of the Crucifixion—indeed, one very eloquent orator, in a speech we read lately, drew that parallel. We recalled, as we read it, a weeping congregation in a little country town in Poland on Good Friday. The whole movement lives by martyrdom. Most of the space in its papers is occupied by records of arrests, trials, and sentences, and testimonies to the virtue of the victims, who are always garlanded with flowers, as the Indian custom is, when they are marched to prison. After some study of these papers, we should expect that the arrest of Mr. Gandhi (combined with what will seem a fresh challenge to the religious passions of Mohammedans) will rather heighten than depress his movement. Whether it will remain relatively passive when the apostle of non-violence is silenced is another matter. We fear, however, that the dismissal of Mr. Montagu and the appointment of a Tory as successor will drive many of the Moderates into the Non-Co-operators' camp. Mr. George has played for Tory cheers. But he has risked India to get them.

What disturbs us when we read the pamphlets and newspapers of this amazing emotional movement is not the certainty that the direct rule over India of the existing type of British bureaucracy is nearing its end. That, if it could come about peacefully and with goodwill on both sides, would be a gain. What disturbs us is rather the sense that India, in trying to rid herself of a white bureaucracy, is preparing also to fling Western civilization after it. Generations of Civil Servants and teachers have labored to educate. Perhaps they were narrow and dogmatic.

They may have had an undue sense of the superiority of our own patchwork civilization. They may have spoiled their own labors by social aloofness and pride of race. Yet there were many big and disinterested men among them. Now one feels that India, in her uprising against foreign rule, is rebelling also against all that the West has tried to teach. Every speech and every article denounce our rule as exploitation, and that diagnosis of our motives seems to condemn also our science, our industry, even our hygiene. Mr. Gandhi's reversion to the primitive Indian spinning-wheel is one phase of this nationalist reaction. We have just encountered another in a curious pamphlet which records the beginning of Non-Co-operation in the specially "ripe" district of Guntur (Madras). It all began, apparently, because the Government tried to erect a big group of villages, which hitherto had had their old traditional organization, into a modern municipality. The reason seems adequate: they were crowded and insanitary, and the plague was working havoc in them. The villagers resisted, and finally evacuated their houses and withdrew to another site. The story is well told, with many quotations from "The Deserted Village," and the hero of the affair was an M.A. of Edinburgh. Yet the whole basis of the argument is a complete scorn for Western medicine and hygiene. It seems as though we had succeeded in exasperating and antagonizing Indians so completely that they would now like, not merely to drive us out, but to fling our science after us. This may be a passing phase of reaction, but it will grow if the struggle deepens into tragedy. Our entire work in the East is at stake. We cannot save it by resistance or repression, nor yet by a surrender after resistance and repression, as in Ireland. We can, we believe, save it by an honorable pact, loyally observed.

We do not think that the Coalition will much longer have the power to make India the plaything of its internal dissensions. The Opposition (after the present situation has been greatly aggravated) may soon have to fix upon its own policy. There is no doubt as to the solution. It can only be Dominion Home Rule, and that at no distant date. The whole problem is to prepare India, by a rapid and intensive effort, to take over the full responsibility of internal self-government. That means the replacement of British by Indian Civil Servants as rapidly as they can be trained. It also means the eventual substitution of a true Indian army for the British garrison. How many years it should take to speed up the Montagu scheme, and to concede at first provincial and then national autonomy, and lastly, to create an Indian staff and higher command for the army, we do not pretend to know. We would urge only that the plan should be worked out in some detail, and the various stages definitely measured and dated, with the assent of Indians themselves. Nothing short of this can make the transition a smooth and peaceful process.

MR. GEORGE PROTECTS THE CONSTITUTION.

"The Cabinet is a unit—a unit as regards the Sovereign and a unit as regards the legislature. Its views are laid before the Sovereign and before Parliament as if they were the views of one man. It gives its advice as a single whole, both in the royal closet and in the hereditary or the representative chamber. . . . The first mark of the Cabinet, as that institution is now understood, is united and indivisible responsibility."—*Walpole. By Lord Morley of Blackburn.*

No more familiar maxim exists among the conventions of the British Constitution than that of collective Cabinet responsibility. Since the second Rockingham Ministry

was formed, now one hundred and forty years ago, the necessity of an undivided Cabinet front has been accepted. The Cabinet is the policy-making institution of the English State; its business is to drive that stream of continuous tendency through affairs without which the legislature would be reduced to chaos within a week. All measures, therefore, derive from its agreement. For their principles and their consequences all members of the Cabinet are equally responsible. Each Cabinet Minister has, as a natural result, a right to know the materials upon which decisions are based, and to be consulted before decisive steps are taken. When a Minister attempts to commit his colleagues without their knowledge, as did Lord Palmerston in 1851 and Lord John Russell in 1855, his resignation is the inevitable consequence. And the resignation of Lord Morley, on the eve of the war, was a protest in similar vein against the making of decisions about which he, as a member of the Cabinet, had not been informed.

The Prime Minister's dismissal of Mr. E. S. Montagu was an action upon all fours with Lord John Russell's dismissal of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Montagu's publication of Lord Reading's telegram was a deliberate attempt, made without Cabinet sanction, to determine the policy of the Government at the coming Paris Conference on the Near East. Mr. Montagu had not asked for Cabinet sanction; he had no reason to suppose that the Prime Minister, an ardent Philhellene, agreed with its substance. To have condoned so grave a breach of constitutional etiquette would have been seriously to impair the whole foundation of Cabinet structure. So Mr. Lloyd George informed Mr. Montagu in the stormy interview which preluded their parting; so, in Olympian tones, Mr. Chamberlain informed the House of Commons. And the enthusiasm of the House at the resignation is evidence of how strongly it resents any breach of an essential convention. So Mr. Lloyd George emerges as the savior of the Constitution.

But then Mr. Montagu spoke. In the absence of an explanation in Parliament, Mr. Montagu addressed his constituents. His speech hardly revealed Mr. George in exactly the right light. It emphasized instead what everybody knows, that nothing approaching Cabinet unity has existed since Mr. George became Prime Minister. The Cabinet has been turned into a series of departments, and the key to policy has mostly been kept locked in the Prime Minister's breast. Failing collective discussion, collective responsibility is nonsense. Where was collective responsibility when Mr. Churchill plunged for railway nationalization? Or when he announced the exclusion of Indians from the northern highlands of Kenya? On neither occasion did the Prime Minister even hint a punctilio. The publication of the Milner Report had no Cabinet sanction, and the deliberately offensive Admiralty memorandum sprang, without Cabinet authority, from Mr. Amery's self-important little mind. In neither case did the Prime Minister rise to any sublime heights of constitutional indignation.

In his speech to his constituents, Mr. Montagu essayed an explanation. For the last five years, he said, we had been governed by a genius "who had demanded the price which it is the power of every genius to demand, and that price has been the total, complete disappearance of the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility ever since he formed the Government." Even that is to rate far too low the value Mr. George has set upon his services. To Cabinet irresponsibility must be added: (1) the ignoring of the House of Commons; (2) the flouting of the Civil Service; (3) the withdrawal of the place of real decisions

from Westminster to the back-offices of Downing Street; (4) the raising of the Premiership to a Court of Appeal from actions of his colleagues; (5) a system of government by proclamation, before which the Byzantinism of Henry VIII. looks pale and timid; (6) a more cynical and debasing use of patronage than at any time since the Reform Bill of 1832. This, of course, is to regard only the structure of the Constitution Mr. George is now so concerned to protect. His impact upon the inner substance of the national life is a more tragic matter still.

The truth is that Mr. George has never understood the English Constitution, and in so far as he did grasp its principles, he has destroyed them. From the beginning of the war he has aimed at a Presidential

system without the inconvenience of a recalcitrant Congress. He secured that position by the coupon election of 1918. But he is now learning that there is an inner resiliency in the Constitution. It can be destroyed on principle, as the Communists hope to destroy it. It can be undermined in practice, as he himself has sought to undermine it. But if his effort is to be successful, it must be on condition of a success in policy so complete, and a set of principles so high and so fruitful, that the parties to our political life are bound to accept his guidance. It has taken the Coalition nearly four years to discover that Mr. George has no policy at all, and that principle lies outside the roots of his character. But the English Constitution is fast coming to its own again.

THE DRIFT TO INSOLVENCY.

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

IN a contribution to *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* of January 21st on the financial position of the country, I complained that no one seemed willing to face the facts as they are. I contended that even with the greatest economy possible in all other expenditure the dead weight of interest on the debt and payment of war pensions must in a normal year compel us to double the income and super taxes. This, I argued, would be enough in itself to destroy the order of society as we know it; it would be tantamount to a revolution. If this is a true view of our position, and if we are to find a way out of our troubles, it is obvious that the first thing to do is to face the facts. Unless we do that, we can make no adequate plans for dealing with them.

The article attracted some notice, at least in Scotland; while, since it was written, the Geddes Reports have appeared and been discussed in Parliament, and important contributions have been made to the subject by Mr. Edgar Crammond, Sir Sydney Olivier, and Mr. Austin Harrison. These, together with some earlier pronouncements, serve to show to what extent the problem is being realized by experts, and the way in which the average business man or politician thinks we can deal with it.

The Geddes Reports and the debate on them throw most light on the views of politicians. What we have to do is to establish a stable balance between receipts and expenditure, so that even in years of bad trade we shall not be confronted with a deficit too great for adjustment. This we have to do without exacting a rate of taxation so heavy as to strangle our industries and to prevent the recovery of trade. Apart from the many other objections to which they are open, the Geddes cuts and the modifications to them accepted by Sir Robert Horne merely serve to show that neither the Committee nor the Government have begun to realize the difficulties in the way of this. Neither, it seems to me, have Members of Parliament, with the possible exceptions of Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. W. Graham. As things now stand, and assuming that there are no supplementary estimates, the expenditure of the Government in future years may be put down as follows:—

Consolidated Fund Services...	£370,000,000
Supply Services	484,000,000
Total, apart from repayment of debt	£854,000,000

Let us turn for a moment to what the experts have to say on the matter. Dealing with the problem of monetary deflation in January last year, Mr. McKenna

pointed out the effect of a reduction of prices to the 1914 level. He told his audience that the yield of one penny on the income tax in that year was about three million pounds. Interest on debt and war pensions together now absorb £470,000,000 yearly. "This," he said, "if we left the whole of the remaining cost of government to be defrayed out of our other revenue, would call for an income tax of 13s. in the pound; a rate absolutely impossible for any country to bear." Mr. McKenna apparently thought that such deflation could be avoided, but, as the year grew older, it became evident that it could not.

In June, Mr. Edgar Crammond stated that whereas the gross income of the country in 1920 probably amounted to £4,400 millions, it could not be expected to exceed £2,800 millions for 1921. This estimate he has lately confirmed, with the additional cheering information that, calculated at the prices of 1913, this means only 1,440 millions, or a falling off of nearly a thousand millions a year in the real earnings of the country. Substantially, then, the state of things which Mr. McKenna says "it would be impossible for any country to bear," must be looked for as soon as we are paying income tax on the returns for 1921; while if ever, our trade remaining the same as now, prices fall to the 1913 level, an income tax on the basis of 20s. in the pound would barely suffice to pay the interest on the debt and war pensions alone!

If this is even approximately true, the economy axe of the Geddes Committee is a very inadequate weapon to deal with the evil. Yet neither the Committee nor the Government seem to have realized this. Obviously the Coalition lacks the courage or the capacity to face the issue and to save the nation from bankruptcy. Before the war ended I argued that the Continental belligerents would ultimately be compelled to repudiate their debts, however they might camouflage the proceeding. Mr. Austin Harrison now points out a very probable way in which this will be done. He expects, as I understand him, that the various Governments will ultimately redeem their paper currency in gold by buying it in, not at par, but at any fraction of its par value to which it may have fallen. In like manner they will be driven to deal with their internal debts. They will issue a new gold coinage, perhaps of similar weight to their pre-war coins, but representing ten, twenty, or a hundred times the pre-war number of marks, kronen, or roubles.

Now this is camouflaged bankruptcy, but I cannot see what other course the ruined nations can adopt. Our position is incomparably better than theirs, yet the best prospect Coalition finance so far opens up to us is Govern-

ment taxation to the tune of 850 millions yearly, to be extracted from national earnings which, according to Mr. Crammond, only amount at normal prices to 1,440 millions! Continental nations cannot possibly avoid some form of repudiation. Whether their debts be repudiated entirely or only written down, as suggested by Mr. Harrison, will, as far as we are concerned, amount to much the same thing; we shall emerge practically the only country whose industries will be hampered by an impossible war debt. To attempt to maintain our industrial position under such conditions would, I am convinced, be hopeless.

Such investigations as that of the Geddes Committee may be useful as far as they go, but they barely touch the fringe of the matter. To the problem as a whole we may be assured the Coalition have no answer. But the Coalition may break up any day, and the responsibility for dealing with national finance be thrust upon its opponents. The capital levy of the Labor Party is the only expedient definitely adopted by any responsible group which can for a moment be considered as a solution. I do not consider it adequate, but at any rate it bears some sort of relation to the magnitude of the problem. The Liberal Committee of last spring, of which Mr. Masterman was Chairman, never seems to have realized how useless the yield both of direct and indirect taxes under such conditions of inflation as prevailed in 1920 is as a guide to what could be realized from them in normal times. Hence, after demanding that "the income tax should be reduced from the present 6s. basis to a basis not exceeding 5s.," the Committee rather naively say, "if the Budget cannot be balanced on the basis of the provisions laid down above, there will be no alternative but to raise a capital sum as a war debt redemption fund."

Now the possibility of permanently balancing the Budget with a 5s. income tax is not worth discussing. In December, Sir Sydney Olivier made a statement to the Labor Party proving clearly that even if Sir Robert Horne's estimates for the year 1921-2 had been realized, there would be a deficit on this year's Budget of two hundred millions. As everyone knows, they have not been realized, and the real deficit will be very much larger. This, too, when income tax is being collected on the swollen money incomes of 1920. Nobody can tell what rate of tax it will require to obtain a balance in 1923.

Whether the break-up of the Coalition takes place this year or later, it seems to me certain that its successors will be faced, either in their first or second session, with the duty of providing for a deficit of hundreds, very likely many hundreds, of millions of pounds. If they fail in doing this, the life of the new Government will be short, and they will not have the chance to do anything else. Thus if the Opposition parties cannot agree about what is to be done with the debt, it matters very little how far they are in agreement upon other things. The Government *must* bring in a Budget every year, and *must* be able to induce a majority of the House to vote for that Budget. Whatever else we do, then, it is vitally important that every opponent of the Coalition should realize the desperate position of the national finances and form an idea of what is to be done to adjust them.

Just before the peace I suggested a plan whereby the vast energies which, during the war, had been devoted to the work of destruction, might be gradually turned into that of wealth creation. Had that been done, we might not have been faced with the serious situation confronting us to-day. The Coalition, however, preferred

to conceal the true state of things from the taxpayers, and turned millions of men on to an overstocked labor market, while paying the interest on the debt and much of the other expenditure of the nation by selling off its capital stocks on hand. No action of the Coalition has been more disastrous or reckless than this. It cannot be said, however, that the Opposition has made satisfactory use of the last three years. Its duty was by a thorough discussion of the subject beforehand to prepare itself for an ultimate return to power, and to elaborate a Budget scheme adequate for the occasion. Often in private conversation and sometimes in the Press, plans are suggested, while the Labor Party has definitely committed itself to Mr. Pethick Lawrence's scheme for a national levy. In Liberal circles the notion of a compulsory loan at 2½ per cent., repayable over a term of years and graduated according to means, has been more or less discussed. Such a loan would be paid in present stock, and is a better expedient than that of reducing the interest on the existing debt. Contributions to such a compulsory loan would not be exacted from the poorest investors, but would fall exclusively on those able to lend, whether holders of existing stock or not. None of these schemes seems to me adequate. It would take up too much space to deal with the method I suggested in "England and the New Era," but as yet I have not been able to see any more effective way out of our difficulties. Very possibly others may do so, and this article is intended, not to provide an answer to the problem, but to urge the vital necessity for its fuller discussion.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE Prime Minister is said to have given his colleagues a kind of resignation in blank, to date from the passing of the Irish Bill, and to be filled in or torn up according to need. What call now for such a document? Mr. George is deposed already. The Tory meeting was a Whips' gathering, got together in response to the Prime Minister's call for "guarantees." The Die-Hards attended, and mastered it completely. The majority was pro-Georgian, but it would not move a step towards a split. In other words, it believed, with the Die-Hards, that the great thing was to keep the Conservative Party together. Very proper. But what of the Prime Minister? If the Die-Hards remain on board, they are there to make things hot for the captain. In other words, mutiny has won; and the helm is put hard a-port for Skeleton Island, while the Old Man stays in port and digs potatoes. Even the "Evening Standard" admits that the way is now open for a Conservative Government, which, it is now clear, can be formed by a union of Die-Hards and Conservative Centrals. If Mr. George's object be to salve the Irish Bill, he can rely (if any honor resides in public men) on a Chamberlain-Smith Government pushing that measure through with the help of Liberal and Labor votes. But the Coalition as a governing hand is broken. The Prime Minister's "Nationals" do not now disguise their anti-Conservatism; the Moderate Tories' belief in him as an electioneering force is almost gone; and in any case they are a colorless, leaderless, unforceful lot. As Prime

Minister even this most sanguine and resilient of men must conclude that nobody loves him any longer. His Government is over.

THIS is the normal development. But will things remain normal? There is a force that is hastening a *dénouement* which neither Mr. George's Government nor a Conservative successor can arrest. That is the fearful state of the finances. The country is not truly solvent; and only a drastic handling of finance can re-create a business England. So the Capital Levy is looming up again; and the arguments for it, that is to say, for taking stock of the wealth of the country and writing it down to its true level, begin to wear their old look of urgency. No great industrial community can stand another year such as 1921, and yet there is no substantial sign of improvement. When, therefore, the nation realizes what has happened since the remains of its war-wealth, and what was good in its war-organizations, were recklessly cast away, there is sure to be a call for a tremendous purge. New men to man a new House of Commons; vigorous methods; a national effort, are all necessary.

WITH all Mr. Montagu's faults of character and demeanor, he has been a power for good in India, and I forebode its withdrawal. Indian reform, and more than that, the sympathetic dealing with Indian character, has been the one distinguishing passion of this man's career, and it is lamentable to see it frustrated now, midway of the struggle to reap the fruits of sympathy, and persuade England to rise to her new and difficult opportunity. Having borne the whirligig of Lloyd-Georgism for so many years, he might have hoped to see it sink to its last confusion before dealing it such a stroke of rashness; but none the less it is essential to save the very considerable remainder of his policies. He has established a force of progress; it cannot be crushed, but with a Die-Hard Secretary and a Viceroy of routine it may be driven into Gandhism or something worse than Gandhism. Clearly Lord Reading must be retained. The Viceroy's course is not spent; his prudent, even temper and experienced mind retain their value as a symbol of peace; and considering all that he has done for the Prime Minister, no less than for India, it would be a base act to withhold adequate support from home. If it be necessary to send him a supporting Commission, in order to give definiteness to the outstanding pledge of Dominion Home Rule, that moral aid should be freely tendered; and in any case a cleaner sponge than ever should be drawn over Dyerism. To reverse the Irish process, and turn from reform to reprisals, is surely ludicrous, and Labor and Liberalism ought to join hands to prevent it.

AMERICAN statesmanship is a little difficult. The United States retired from the Treaty of Versailles. Nevertheless they were induced to quarter a large American contingent in Coblenz to enforce the worst exactions of that instrument, in whose profits, of course, they took no share whatever. Doubtless the American force of occupation is guiltless of the gravest offences chargeable to the French levies. The Americans do not

oppress the people of Germany and labor to destroy their national self-respect and their local institutions as the French deliberately do, and they live on superficially good, and even pleasant, terms with the victims of their policy. But man for man they outdo even the French in the most costly and senseless militarism. The Germans often make the calculation that the yearly cost of an American trooper exceeds the salary of their Chancellor. I myself witnessed the peacockry of their demeanor and the extravagance of their appointments. The commandeering and furnishing of apartments have been on the most luxurious scale. One of the finest girls' schools in the Rhineland was, last autumn at all events, taken by their command as a hospital for venereal disease. And I thought the sobriety of the troops left something to seek. Is that a record of which peace-loving and peace-ensuing America can be proud? Now, at the acute point of the pressure on Germany, comes this demand, possibly formal, for the recovery of the cost of the occupation. I honor the great Republic's universal and noble charity in Europe. But save that this demand brings us all up with the short, sharp shock of realities, I cannot figure out its rightness. Why does not America call on Europe to end the occupation altogether?

I SPOKE the other day with one or two employers of the Liberal type. They agreed in disliking the strategy of Sir Allan Smith, and they professed an unchanged belief in the general policy of high wages. But they inclined to qualify the historic doctrine of their "economy." Reduction in the cost of production was essential—British industry could not begin to live again without it. But there was no guarantee nowadays that high wages had any compensating effect in an increased efficiency of labor. The exact contrary was the case. In shipbuilding, for example, the "cheap ship" was the vessel built in the period of (comparatively) low wages, while the "dear ship" corresponded to the rise in wage-standards. The inference was that the additional wages went mostly in drink and amusement; at least there was a visible relaxing of the workers' minds and muscles. These deductions may be unsound, and in any case the answer is that this is the inevitable reaction to sudden rises in wage-rates, which have had no time to stimulate mental habit and physical efficiency. "Avoid ca' canny," said Lenin some time ago to an English Socialist; "it has half-ruined my movement, and it will ruin yours." Lenin was, of course, thinking of his difficulties as a State employer, and of the morale of his "proletariat." But his reflection is pertinent to almost any system of production that the mind of man can conceive.

Is there anything in the history of England to match the Government's refusal to add a pennyworth of help to the Russian famine? If it is bad to see the Government falling so utterly behind the merciful spirit and habit of the people, it is far worse to reflect that these men, who check the charities of the poor at the behest of the rich, have themselves created a good part of the desolation they now pass by. Who stripped the dying people of the Volga provinces to the bone? Who but the

armies that passed and repassed over that death-devoted land? Some at least of those levies were paid for with British gold and kept in the field by British policy. I see Mr. George, at his old trick of quoting Scripture for his purpose, using at Criccieth the story of the slain heir as a parable of anti-Bolshevism. I should have thought his lips might have been closed in shame against such an application. The divine spirit of pity has indeed suffered a martyr's death at the hands of Christian statesmanship. But let those lips speak the moral whose utterance is pure.

MR. GALSORTHY is, of all our dramatists, the one who keeps most closely in touch with the social history of his time, and with the "psychic waves," big and little, that pass over it, and "Loyalties," at the St. Martin's Theatre, which is an example of this highly contemporary form of drama, is therefore, I imagine, sure of success. There are passages in it which seem to be highly intelligent reports of what is actually going on in the minds of the people, or in the reports of their criminal trials, or in the passage of their social customs and taboos. The ablest of its many studies was, I thought, that of the war-tried and war-ruined officer. His Captain Dancey is perhaps a little too much of a portrait to be quite convincing as a work of art: but it stands, too, for that studious criticism of events in which Mr. Galsworthy excels. But I made a curious observation of the actors. Their presentation was, as a whole, a highly competent affair. But in many cases the emphasis of their diction was wrong. The types were studied well enough, and were made real and recognizable. But the accent was not that of the current man-about-town. Somehow our actors are either not taught the importance of stress or have forgotten it. Let me hasten to say how one of the most sincere and interesting actresses on the stage, Miss Albanesi, succeeds, by the very simplicity of her delivery, in getting exactly the right effect of conversational speech.

FROM THE STATES:—

"A woman friend of mine in Chicago had the felicity the other day of coming upon the Perfect Reader of the 'Morning Post.' This was some aristocratic Englishwoman just arrived in New York. My friend asked her if she approved the Irish settlement. Answer:

"Settlement? Lloyd George is an unspeakable traitor. I should like to see him hanged, drawn, and quartered. He has absolutely betrayed the country. He is in the hands of the Jews."

"My friend reminded her that Jesus Christ was a Jew, and she came back with:

"I'm not thinking about converted Jews. He became a Christian!"

HOLIDAY moods:—

The saint is merely the confessing sinner.

The danger of our society is the growing inability of men and nations to think of anyone's or any country's welfare but their own.

A perfectly selfish Europe must perish.

The great poets turned their light outward, on the world. The little ones turn it inward, on themselves.

Which was the greater error? That of the Germans in idealizing war? Or of the Allies, in thinking to make it pay?

One hypocrite is enough to poison the air of Heaven.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A WORLD COMPETITION IN SWEATING.

EVER since prices began to fall and the depression of trade set in, employers in all branches of industry have turned with growing insistence to reduction of wage-rates as their chief way of salvation. At first they were timid and tentative. They did not know how far the post-war psychology of Labor might drive the workmen in revolutionary violence. But when the menace of the Triple Alliance fizzled out, and Labor everywhere showed that it knew its own weakness, they plucked up courage and began to press for bigger and more frequent cuts, for longer hours, and for other curtailments of the war-gains of Labor. The present plight of Labor, with two million unemployed and an empty war-chest, seems to present no possibility of effective resistance. The more arbitrary order of employer, therefore, looks with new confidence to getting back the complete control of his business. And the more liberal-minded men everywhere acquiesce in what they regretfully recognize as an economic necessity. If they are to hold their own in the world's market, or even in their own national market, they must be able to keep down costs to a level that will yield a margin of profit. And that they can only do by reducing wages.

In any attempt to argue the issue, it is first essential to make it clear that what is demanded by employers is a reduction not merely of money wages, but of real wages. *This, again, means lowering the purchasing power and standard of living of the worker and his family.* So far as wage-rates are reduced to accord with falls in the cost of living, educated Labor men seldom object except upon the ground that the index figures of the Board of Trade usually exaggerate the actual extent of the fall. For no one supposes that at such a time as this any body of workers can raise their real wages by sticking to high wage-rates while prices fall. The questions are—"Is this fall necessary to reduce prices and improve trade?" and "Will lower wages necessarily secure improved trade?"

Now, in answering these questions, it is important to distinguish the immediate from the more lasting result of wage-reduction. In this and most other advanced industrial countries what was termed "the economy of high wages" has long been accepted as a sound business maxim. Here, in America, and latterly in Germany, the most highly developed and most profitable capitalist industries generally paid the highest wages, and considered that they got it back in skill and efficiency of labor. If this be true, it would seem to follow that a reduction of wages will be followed by a loss of efficiency which may cancel the presumed effect of lower wages upon labor costs. To this, however, the employer may reply that this reduction of efficiency only occurs if a definitely sweating policy is adopted and the family income is thus reduced below the level of economic efficiency. This, he argues, will not occur if the wage-loss only takes off some recent war-gain that is not firmly incorporated in the standard of living and has rather worked as a margin of luxury than as an improvement fund. If he is indiscreet he will allude to the large increase of expenditure on spirituous liquors and on cinemas. But this contention does not carry far. It only signifies that a sudden rise of income takes some little time to assimilate into a standard of living, so as to raise the economic efficiency of the worker and his family. It does not invalidate the accepted principle that GOOD, SKILLED, AND RESPONSIBLE WORK CAN ONLY BE GOT OUT OF WELL-PAID WORKERS. It is not a question

merely of physiological response, but of the operation of the intelligence and will, which become more and more important as economic factors. The central argument, therefore, against wage-reduction is that it damages the permanent efficiency and progress of Labor, and produces an unsettlement of the standards of living that is an increasing cause of industrial unrest, irritation, and waste.

But it will be retorted in some quarters—"What is the use of taking this general and long-distance view of such a situation as that in which we find ourselves? The present wage-rates, as you see, are not consistent with costs and prices that enable us to sell the goods we can produce. It is to the immediate interests of the workers to accept wage-reductions which will enable us to produce and sell, and so to employ larger numbers of workers. The working-class income as a whole will be increased, not reduced, by this wage-reduction."

Now how far is this reasoning sound? First, what guarantee is there that reductions of wages will be fully represented in reduced prices, so stimulating demand and enlarging the volume of employment? We must remember that we are no longer living in a world of free competition, but largely of trusts, combines, associations, and other more or less monopolistic bodies. So far as the goods produced and sold under these conditions are confined to a local or merely national market, the combine may find it more profitable to take in increased profits the economy of lower wages, instead of stimulating more consumption and employment by lowering selling prices. Even where no close combine regulates prices, there will be a tendency for employers to recoup themselves for the lean time they have had, by holding up prices after the wage-cut enables them to make reductions. In other words, the argument that a general fall of wages will, of necessity and immediately, be attended by a corresponding fall of prices which will stimulate consumption and employment, requires considerable qualification, so far as the home market is concerned. We are already witnessing in many instances the operation of this price-lag, the gains from falling wages or cheaper materials in the extractive industries or earlier manufacturing processes being collared and held by the more or less concerted action of manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers, so that only very slowly and partially are they represented in lower prices of commodities.

The real strength of the argument for lower wages is found, of course, in our export trades. Accepting the central facts of the present situation, namely, that there is not enough world-market to employ more than, say, one-half of the capital and labor available to supply its needs, it is difficult to resist the contention that a sort of Gresham's Law is operative by which the worst-paid labor tends to get the trade away from the better-paid labor. For the resulting deterioration of efficiency takes time to operate. Now we have conspired with France to force on Germany a sweating system so intense that she must get the lion's share of what little foreign trade is going. If we are to increase our share, it can only be by raising wages and costs of production in Germany, or reducing them in Britain. As we are not apparently prepared to insist upon releasing Germany from her bondage, and are unwilling to carry out any effective reconstruction of Russia and the other war-broken countries, we are driven by a sort of inevitable logic to what our liberal business men and economists admit is a deplorable necessity, the reduction of the standard of living of our workers.

But if we start upon this downward path, there is no reason why we should stop until our working classes

have been dragged down to something like the German level. That is a real wage amounting to from one-third to one-half of our present standard. There is no ground for hoping that some small cut will have any considerable effect in stimulating foreign trade under present conditions of currency and transport, and with the existing political insecurity. The slight improvement in our foreign orders which a first wage-cut might bring would only act as a stimulus to further cuts, with a diminishing power of resistance from the workers. It is a world-competition in sweating upon which we are invited to engage—to-day chiefly with Germany, to-morrow perhaps with India, Japan, or China.

What is our true policy? Hitherto our enlightened politicians and business men have taken the line that sweated trades were not good enough for our people, that we could afford to do without them, that the indirect social damages they brought outweighed any superficial gains. Are we going to scrap this policy as one of our war-sacrifices? Or are we going to realize the vital necessity for our nation of the sole alternative, the construction of an international standard for Labor? Let us clearly face the issue. We cannot become a self-subsisting people. On the contrary, we must become more and more dependent upon selling and buying in the world-market. But in a world-market there can only be one price for any single class of goods. So far as competition rules, that price must be determined by the producers who can turn out the goods at lowest cost. That condition will always continue to endanger the labor of the more civilized peoples, unless they can organize with the less civilized peoples for mutual protection for standards of life and work. For though "the economy of high wages and short hours" is valid for certain peoples, for certain trades, and up to a certain level, it has no such universal and absolute validity as to furnish an adequate protection against a sweating policy.

We must, therefore, bend all our energies to developing the beginnings of international legislative protection for Labor. The International Labor Bureau, working in connection with the League of Nations, should be converted into a strong and really scientific instrument for this work. Important for every advanced industrial country, it is a matter of life and death for our people. The recovery of world-trade from the present gulf of depression may for a time abate the pressure of the strain. But a working population like ours, a third of whose industrial labor is for the world-market, can never enjoy security for work and wages until some organized machinery exists for enforcing standard conditions upon all peoples engaged in manufacturing for that market.

"CREATED HE THEM."

In these times the very title of Mr. Havelock Ellis's new book is rather startling. It is called "Little Essays of Love and Virtue" (Black), and the names of both those subjects seem almost obsolete. There was a time when we used to sing "New every morning is the love," but now, for many years past, we have been much more accustomed to "the morning hate." For a long time it was the guns proclaimed the hate; latterly it has been the newspapers that served it up with breakfast. Think of the hates that roar and boom upon us every morning now—the Indian hate, the Johannesburg hate, the Irish hate (two guns), the Russian hate (Bolshevist and Famine), the Anglo-French hate, the Græco-Turkish hate, the Japanese-Siberian hate, the Lock-out hate, the Coalition hate, the Montagu-Curzon hate, the Lloyd

George hate! Those, perhaps, are enough to go on with, but one could reel off more. And then, as for virtue—why, the very word sounds hoary and old-fashioned, like the slang of yesteryear, or a dim protest from a century rolled up and put away! And yet here is Mr. Havelock Ellis, a modern writer among the modern, a scientist of the latest knowledge, still publishing little essays upon Love and Virtue, in combination, like Darby and Joan rejuvenated.

He even tells us that he has written these essays for the young, and he "leaves to their judgment the question as to whether this book is suitable to be placed in the hands of older people." It might only give them pain, he fears, and it is only in youth that the questions of mature age can be settled, if they ever are to be settled. Besides, he hesitates to bring home to us older men and women too keenly what we have missed in life; though he bids us fortify and console ourselves by reflecting that we may at least help to make the world better for those that come after us, while we must remain true to our own traditions. Perhaps he will allow us to remark that such reflection may be all very admirable and unselfish, but it is a poor consolation for what he considers we have missed in life. For he goes on to tell that the art of making love and the art of being virtuous are but two aspects, harmonious and not at variance, of the great art of living. But if we have missed two harmonious aspects of the great art of living, what virtuous reflection can fortify, what console for so irretrievable an error?

In the course of the essays, Mr. Havelock Ellis touches upon many points of the highest interest to all the millions of men and women who are called civilized. In the first chapter, called "Children and Parents," he examines, not so much education, as (to use the phrase he quotes from James Hinton) "our happy Christian homes which are the real dark places of the earth." Needless to say, he is all on the side of the children, but that does not mean all on the side of sweetness and love. Far from it. He is far more inclined to support Montaigne's view that "it is not right to bring up children in their parents' lap, for natural love softens and relaxes even the wisest." Like Montaigne, he deplores that "undue tenderness which we now regard as almost normal in family life, and solemnly label, if we happen to be psycho-analysts, the Oedipus-complex or the Electra-complex." The child who cherishes such emotions is likely to suffer infantile arrest of development, and the parent who expends such tenderness upon a child after the age of childhood is guilty of a serious offence against that child. Far better, Mr. Ellis rightly says, to emulate the birds, who, if the young one has not adventure enough to fly, push it off the edge of the nest. He is evidently also more than half inclined to emulate certain birds, animals, and savage human tribes in recommending a quiet and salutary death for ageing parents, in accordance with the ancient ritual of the Golden Bough. To ageing parents the treatment may sound a little harsh, but who has not witnessed the ruin of lives, especially among daughters, when children have been taught it was their sacred duty to tend, nurse, and succor their elderly parents in decrepitude and imbecility? Alas, there is hardly a middle-class family in which that ruinous solicitude is unknown!

Lamentable, too, is the case of the mother who spends her time in spoiling her growing children because she has nothing else to occupy her energies, and, as Mr. Ellis aptly quotes, "Satan finds some mischief still" for her as for all idle people. But let us turn to the next essay—"The Meaning of Purity." It is full of highly interesting discussion upon the part that sex plays in all manner of mental and spiritual energies not necessarily

connected with the relations between men and women. There is much about the transformation, or, as it is called, the "sublimation," of sex energy, and about its dangers as well as its possible advantages. The author is partially here in agreement with Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, in his dedication of "Man and Superman," has written:—

"Hence it is that the world's books get written, its pictures painted, its statues modelled, its symphonies composed, by people who are free from the otherwise universal dominion of the tyranny of sex. Which leads us to the conclusion, astonishing to the vulgar, that art, instead of being before all things the expression of the normal sexual situation, is really the only department in which sex is a superseded and secondary power."

But Mr. Ellis is far from wishing to expel the inward energies of sex. He tells us that, in the effort to achieve "what we ignorantly term purity," we are abusing a great source of beneficent energy. "We lose," he says, "more than half of what we might gain when we cover it up and try to push it back, to produce, it may be, not harmonious activity in the world, but merely internal confusion and distortion, and perhaps the paralysis of half the soul's energy." The mention of soul's energy introduces us to a subject of new and singularly attractive interest to the layman in psychology or physiology, if we can make a distinction between the two. For here we meet those mysterious "Internal Secretions," which, we are told, are always at work within the most secret recesses of the organism, and never themselves condescend to appear at all. They are now known as Hormones, a formidable word, which, we suppose, signifies "starters," or "rousers," or "pushers." Can it be that those ductless glands from which they issue upon their errands of balanced function are the habitation of that Unconscious or Subconscious Self (called "Unc" or "Subc," for short)? Have we caught him at last, that elusive criminal, who has hitherto lurked unseen in undiscovered caverns, driving us to unimagined sins, and filling our sleepy brains with the stupidest or wickedest of dreams? Is his real name Hormone, and his occupation a chemical messenger? If indeed we have laid hands upon him, let us bring him speedily to trial, and reject all his pleas of multitudinous aliases and alibis.

Upon many other points we should like to dwell, for, indeed, each chapter comes home to men's bosoms, if not to their business. The very titles of the essays prove it: "The Objects of Marriage," "Husbands and Wives," "The Love-Rights of Women," "The Individual and the Race." But only to one further point can we now refer. It is a fine passage in that fine essay, "The Meaning of Purity." Mr. Ellis takes as his text the saying of the old mystic Jacob Böhme, that "the art of living is to harness our fiery energies to the service of the light." He shows that it was all very well to preach restraint of passion in the Middle Ages, which were full of vitality and energy. But now we are in no danger of suffering from too much vitality or too much energy in the explosive splendor of our social life:—

"It is passion, more passion and fuller, that we need. The moralist who bans passion is not of our time; his place these many years is with the dead. For we know what happens in the world when those who ban passion have triumphed. When Love is suppressed Hate takes its place. The least regulated orgies of Love grow innocent beside the orgies of Hate. . . . If the world is not now sick of Hate, we may be sure it never will be; so whatever may happen to the world let us remember that the individual is still left, to carry on the tasks of Love, to do good even in an evil world."

As we said at the beginning, it certainly seems as though the world were not sick of Hate, and never would be. But all the more do we heartily agree that "it is

more passion and ever more that we need if we are to undo the work of Hate, if we are to add to the gaiety and splendor of life, to the sum of human achievement, to the aspiration of human ecstasy." And if anyone thinks passion dangerous, for him also Mr. Ellis has a fortifying word: "That, indeed, were a world fit to perish wherein the negative moralist had set up the ignoble maxim: Safety first." Or he might have remembered many prophetic sayings upon passion uttered by that other old mystic, William Blake, and his further proverb that "Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity." But the road of Passion, as Böhme and Blake and Mr. Ellis understand Passion, is hard and rough and scorching, as is the path up all volcanoes, except the extinct.

Communications.

IMPERIALISM AND ZINC.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—There have been two debates in the House on this question, and they are fully reported in *Hansard*, Vol. 150, Nos. 11 and 12, but on reading them one is impressed by the careful manner in which the real position has been obscured and the essential facts evaded.

It appears that the Government entered into a contract to purchase from the Australian Zinc Producers' Proprietary Association, Limited, 300,000 tons per annum of zinc ore, at a fixed price, until June, 1930, and also to take over, at some undisclosed price, 45,000 tons of zinc (spelter) for the same term. The debate largely resolved itself into an examination of the effect of this contract upon the home mining industry, and it was conclusively proved that it had been, and was likely to be in the future, disastrous to any mining operations, for these ores, in this country.

Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson made a long speech, which can only have left the Committee in a morass, as, whilst he gave certain figures, he did not deal with the objections that he ought to have faced. He asked the House to refrain from any discussion as to prices, either of purchase or sale, and he took upon himself to reduce the importance of the home mines and to depreciate the quality and value of their production. He stated that the home ores were of poor quality—indeed, inferior to the Australian ores—despite the fact that a committee of his own department had unanimously reported to him that the home ores were worth 20s. per ton more than the Australian ores.

In fact, the Government is compelled, under this contract, to accept delivery of 300,000 tons every year until June, 1930, and as this ore is difficult to treat, and is in many ways inferior to European, and especially British ores, the Government has found it impossible to dispose of any substantial quantity, and now holds a stock in Australia of 786,092 tons, purchased at a cost of about £3,380,000. This ore has been bought and paid for, and the vote that has been granted by the House, of £601,200, represents the actual loss in this financial year, on the small sales effected, plus the interest on the money expended since the Armistice.

The sales are so much less than the current output that the stock is steadily accumulating, and the Geddes Committee estimates a loss to the taxpayer of several millions. It is quite clear that there is no possibility of selling the whole of the production in this country, which has not the smelting capacity to deal with it, and that the bulk of the ore must be consigned to the Continent, where the Belgian and German works have been especially equipped for the purpose.

There can be no reason for suppressing the price at which this ore is purchased; everyone knows it except the general public, and the Continental buyers have free access to the technical Press.

The Australian mineowners are paid £4 10s. for the first 100,000 tons and £4 for the balance of 200,000 tons, free on board Australia, and the Government takes delivery in

Australia, paying cash for the ore as it is produced. The Government is responsible for handling, transport, &c., and has to find a market.

The price paid by Germany before the war was about 40s. per ton, free on board, and the contract figure is therefore one at which those mines can make, and are making, a substantial profit. The production in Australia since the Broken Hill strike has progressively increased, and is now approaching the maximum contract basis. The loss for the next financial year will therefore be much higher, probably touching a million pounds.

The Government is, however, determined to get rid of the ore, and accepts the position that it cannot sell without substantial loss, but one is amazed at the basis of sale now arranged with the home smelters. Mr. Baldwin stated that in this case "the concentrates (zinc ore) were sold at a price which was calculated to allow them (the British smelters) to make spelter (zinc) without loss at the world's present price." This price is 75s. delivered at British port; i.e., the ore that costs in Australia £4 10s. is handled there, transported, with all the great cost of this operation, and sold at 15s. less than the original cost. It was estimated by Members, and not contradicted by Government, that the loss amounted to at least £5 per ton. As all the British requirements are met from this source, it is not difficult to imagine the position of a British mine that would have to deliver its ore for 75s. with a carriage cost of 40s.

Whether the German and Belgian smelters will obtain the same treatment is uncertain, but as the Government has abandoned the basis of cost price it is possible, and practically certain, that this contract will necessitate the subsidizing of the industries in both countries, it is clear that all the consuming trades, i.e., British and Continental smelters, will quite naturally depreciate the value of zinc ores as long as there is any possibility of these being obtained from so easy a prey as the present occupants of the Treasury Bench.

The spelter (zinc) purchase contract is even more obscure; by this the Government purchases 45,000 tons of Australian production at "a price based on the ruling market price." On the face of this declaration the taxpayer will feel that he cannot lose much, however inefficient may be the Government's methods. Certain doubts as to the candor of this statement must, however, arise:—

1. The Australian smelter is provided by the British Government with zinc ore at a low price.
2. The British Government purchases the resultant zinc at a price based on the ruling market prices.

This operation is, of course, satisfactory from the point of view of the Australian zinc trade, because the mines sell their ore at a relatively high price and the smelter buys the same ore at a much lower price. The British Government takes the zinc as produced, has to find a market, and is responsible for all the usual trade risks.

The characteristic passion of this Government for entering into unnecessary obligations can hardly account for this contract. If the zinc is purchased at market prices, what object could the Government have in buying it, and what sufficient object could the smelter have in selling it when he could obtain the "market price" anywhere? What is the undisclosed factor that is involved in this apparently innocuous transaction?

There can be only one solution, and it is probably, nearly certainly, this, that the "current market rate" represents the price above a certain minimum, and that if the price of zinc falls below this the Government will buy at the minimum contract figure. It is rumored that such an engagement exists, and that the British taxpayer has, in fact, guaranteed the Australian smelter a minimum price for his zinc of £36, and that the subsidy to the Colonial smelter is now £2 per ton.

If this is so, the demand of the home smelter for equal treatment is explained, and whilst the Government dare not extend to him the direct subsidy given to the Australian smelter, it can accomplish the same object by giving him his raw material at a nominal price.

Surely the House should probe this situation and insist on the disclosure of what appears to be a deliberate suppression of the true state of affairs.—Yours, &c.,

INQUIRER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE ALLEGED DISINTEGRATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—Oh, these textual critics! Because Clarence in "Richard III." speaks of—

"Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,"

and because Marlowe wrote—

"Inestimable drugs and precious stones"—

therefore, says Mr. Middleton Murry in your issue of March 11th, it is absolutely proved that Marlowe wrote Clarence's dream.

Shakespeare is commonly supposed to have written—

"The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more."

A very different poet (as people other than textual critics believe) wrote—

"Point me the sum and shame of my betraying."

But according to the J. M. Murry-Robertson method it is absolutely proved either that the late Frederic Myers wrote "Othello," or that Shakespeare wrote "St. Paul."

The fact is that a poet is just as likely to echo another poet's line as to echo a line of his own. Perhaps more likely. Anybody who has ever written anything ought to know this.

If these bookworms did not so specially perforate Shakespeare's page, they might tell us that we owe "Lycidas" to Andrew Marvell, or that Milton was the author of the lines on Appleton House. "Gadding vine(s)"—a characteristic phrase if ever there was one—occurs in both.

One of Mr. Murry's "ewe-lambs," which he trots out to bleat the proof of Marlowe's authorship of Clarence's dream, is that "Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks" resembles "the face that burnt (sic) a thousand ships." But Marlowe's words are:—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Mr. Murry's memory—a loyal rogue—has borne false witness to help him make out his case.

It seems to me (though I note with respect that Mr. Murry asserts a contrary opinion) that the fundamental virtue of Croce's essay is that he treats Shakespeare as a poet. If for this reason he drives Mr. Murry's ewe-lambs and Mr. Robertson's silly sheep clean away from Parnassus-on-Avon, that will not make the judicious grieve. Literature cannot spare wits like theirs for woolgathering.—Yours, &c.,

S. V. BRACHER.

Press Gallery, House of Commons.

P. R.

SIR,—The writer of your otherwise admirable article on P. R. digresses incidentally into some very doubtful propositions. For instance, he says that the alternative vote would tend to favor the Centre parties. Would it not have done just the opposite at the last election, when in most three-cornered contests the Independent Liberal was at the bottom of the poll, and would have been eliminated first? Similarly, at the next election the Coalition Liberal may easily be the one to fall between two stools.

Then I am amazed at his preference for the Continental method of P. R., which ties up all voters to the names—and the order of them—arranged by the party committee. Surely one great purpose of any proper system of P. R. is to free voters from bondage to the party machine and enable them to express a preference as between Mr. Thomas and Mr. Lansbury (to use your contributor's illustration). And how would Independents like Lord Robert Cecil get on to any party list at all?—Yours, &c., W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.

SIR,—May I make one criticism of the excellent article on performing animals appearing in your last issue?

The evidence of cruelty is all placed together, but the earlier cases are from evidence of eye-witnesses, whilst the later and worse cases mentioned are from a novel by a highly sensational and imaginative author.

Having had much experience, behind the scenes, of these exhibitions, I am inclined to condemn many of those in which wild animals are employed, and the use of live animals by conjurers. Some of those employing dogs, horses, &c., are, in my opinion, not open to objection.

Would it not be better if the advocates of the total prohibition of this kind of exhibition confined themselves to reliable evidence?—Yours, &c.,

E. M. SHEARS.

[Some of the instances of cruelty quoted in my article may possibly have been transferred from their original sources to a novel, which, if Mr. Shears refers to Jack London's, I have not seen; nor am I acquainted with any other work of fiction of the kind. But all the cases given have been substantiated by affidavits, R.S.P.C.A. convictions, or reports of eye-witnesses.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

MR. GANDHI AND THE MOPLAHS.

SIR,—In your issue of March 11th, "N. B. P. S." writes of the Moplah rebellion as purely the outcome of "religious fanaticism, inflamed by Mahommedan extremists." Will you allow us to ask those who might be unduly influenced by this typically "official" utterance, those who are prepared to distrust facile ideological explanations, those who like to discover the economic causes that underlie much of human behavior, to read Abani Mukherji's article "The Moplah Rising," in the March issue of "The Communist Review"?—Yours, &c.,

EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL.

[We are compelled to hold over several letters.]

Poetry.

THE SHEEPFOLD.

HIGH upon the lonely Down
I came upon a shepherd's town,
A sort of kraal it seemed to be
Within a wattled boundary.
Dividing it, the herd had made
A waving man-high palisade
Of the black-headed rush that grows
Rank on the flats where Arun flows.
Within the outer camp was stored
The sheep's provision, a rude hoard
Of mangolds with their saffron stain,
Heaped near a blue and scarlet wain
Which bore the fairest yellow straw
That ever summer's thrashing saw.
The second closure, scattered deep
With that clean gold, confined the sheep,
Some heavy still, some past their throe,
And by these dams the lambs pushed low,
Nuzzling their mothers' dugs; but most
Of those the shepherd yet could boast
Were harboured in the wattle-sheds
Which he had built to keep their beds
From wet and frost. Hard by, his wheeled
Hut stood, and on the open field
Signs of the gipsy life he led;
Less kindly was he housed and fed
Than his own sheep, for whom his plans
Seemed to be nature's more than man's.
Till April he will live up there
With bleating mothers in his care,
The sole wise ruler on that Down
Of his well-ordered little town.
Yet nothing, wattle, straw, or reed,
Or root, that serves his flock at need,
But might have served the earliest sheep
Which on these hills once had their keep;
And nothing does this shepherd know
Or do, not known—how long ago?
And done, by the first herd whose dams
Upon the high Down dropped their lambs.

ELEANOR FARJEON.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

WITH the estimates of the principal State Departments for the fiscal year 1922-23 now available, forecasts of the coming Budget are more than ever the topic of the day. What the debt charge will be cannot at the moment be guessed; but saving on temporary borrowings, due to the fall in money rates, will at least help to offset the introduction of the new item of £50 millions in interest on our debt to the United States. Another problem is how much revenue from certain existing taxes may be expected to fall off next financial year owing to the business stagnation. Another complication is the doubt whether the Coalition Government, as at present constituted, will decide the lines of the Budget, and what influence political expediency may play in framing the financial programme. Some reduction in income-tax is rather widely expected. Nor can there be much doubt that a very substantial cut could be made if the Government decided (1) to borrow to pay the pensions bill; (2) to take in as ordinary revenue all proceeds from sales of war assets; (3) to budget with generous optimism both as regards revenue and expenditure; (4) to postpone the debt reduction programme until easier times. Such policy would be shortsighted and store up future trouble. But to resist, with a General Election in prospect, the temptation to produce a really popular Budget, demands, in the opinion of some sections, more moral fibre than the present Government has shown signs of possessing. So there are Budget optimists about to-day; and the more sober body of City opinion looks for at least some tangible relief in taxation. But although industry badly needs a fillip in the direction of reduced taxation, and needs every penny of relief that can be legitimately accorded, the best interests of the nation would not be served by budgetary gambling, or by making financial prudence play second fiddle to vote-catching.

MARKETS AND OUTSIDE INFLUENCES.

Taxation hopes might have assisted in stimulating activity in the stock markets, where a return of boom conditions looked like developing last week. But other outside influences have called a halt, and although there was no great pressure to sell, the business conditions in many sections of the House have changed this week to ease and hesitancy. It would be strange if it were not so, for the uncertainty in domestic politics, the engineering lock-out, the Rand fighting, the Indian imbroglio, and the attitude of the United States Government towards Genoa, and its claim for reparations, form a combination of events capable of quelling confidence in most directions. The basis of business development is confidence, and confidence is a hardy plant if it thrives in the present political weather. Nevertheless, even goldmining and engineering shares have not slumped as far as might have been expected, and the resumption of the rise in gilt-edged stocks, where weakness was most noticeable in the early days of this week, is probably only slightly postponed. Indeed, some recovery is already noticeable. As regards American policy, it was bound to cause some irritation. But there is, I believe, in financial circles, a growing understanding of America's reluctance to participate in the councils of a Europe which, as it seems to American eyes, refuses to help itself by entering on the path of sanity in matters of mutual agreement and financial reconstruction.

Among the exchanges the feature is a break in the New York rate, which went to \$4.28½ on Tuesday before making some recovery yesterday. It may happen that this sterling depreciation is only temporary, but there is some reason for thinking that those are right who hail it as a sign which vindicates their conclusion that the rate had advanced to a level that was by no means justified by intrinsic considerations. The franc and the lira depreciated in sympathy with the movement in the dollar rate, and Austrian currency, at 34,000 kronen to the £ sterling, has once again touched a new low level.

OVERSEAS TRADE AND EXCHANGE.

The February trade returns show declines of £7.1 millions in imports and of £4.8 millions in exports of domestic produce and manufactures as compared with January. Possibly the chorus of lamentation over these

figures has made insufficient allowance for the two facts that prices are still falling, and that February was a short month. Nevertheless, the export figures cannot suggest to anyone that conditions in the world's markets for our manufactures are improving, while the substantial decline in imports of raw materials testifies only too eloquently to the comparative idleness of British factories. The engineering dispute will not help to make the figures better in the near future. So far, so bad; but any consoling features that the trade figures present are worthy of notice and welcome. Such features are provided by a measure of recovery in the re-export trade, and by what is practically an elimination of the visible trade balance, while it is also true that certain leading British exports are better in quality than a year ago, especially coal. On the merchandise figures there is an excess of imports in February of only £800,000, and if bullion figures are included—as they should not properly be—last month showed actually a visible balance in favor of this country. This is a most unusual phenomenon, which cannot be without its effect on exchange, and it may not be entirely coincidence that the rise in the New York exchange marched side by side with this development in the trend of our external commerce. But, to return to the general aspect of the returns, their chief teaching is that there is little improvement in general trade. Nor can such improvement be expected to develop with any conspicuous strength until Continental politics and finance adopt policies of peace and sanity.

INSURANCE NOTES.

The publicity accorded to the disasters of certain concerns does not perhaps enhance the reputation of the insurance world in the public eye, and apparently the Lord Chief Justice the other day thought it necessary to warn a jury not to be prejudiced against an insurance company as a litigant. Nor will the vigorous police pursuit of Mr. Bevan all over Europe, with the help of pictorial posters, improve the prestige of British insurance companies in countries which are prosperous fields for their activities. It is therefore worthy of reiteration that it is not any of the great insurance companies or any of the leaders of the insurance world who are "crashing" and coming to grief. Indeed, their stability and soundness is but shown up in a clearer light by the contrast of recent deplorable events.

I note that the Prudential chairman laid considerable emphasis at the recent meeting on the steps that are being taken to expand general insurance business, an expansion which this huge company is well placed to pursue. At the meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, Mr. Runciman gave a very bright account of the company's position. Last year saw a record rise in funds, and Mr. Runciman described the report as the best ever presented by the directors. The London manager of the Australian Mutual Provident Society states that in the Ordinary Department the valuation has been effected at 3 per cent., the small section previously valued at 3½ per cent. having been eliminated at a cost of £203,000 in additional reserves. The Investment Fluctuation Fund has been increased to £200,000. The Effective Interest Rate was £5 7s. 10d. per cent. The amount of divisible cash surplus for 1921 is £1,489,753, which is equivalent to reversionary bonus additions of about £2,562,000. The corresponding figures for 1920 were £1,324,000 and £2,300,000 respectively.

P. & O. AND FRENCH ISSUES.

With stags still active the leading new capital issues of the week have met with the rapid success which in these days has come to be regarded as common form. Among these the most interesting was the issue by the P. & O. of £3½ millions of 5½ per cent. debenture stock at 96½, a sound industrial security, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to improving the fleet when circumstances permit. Following the P.L.M.'s success, two French railways have been in the market with equally satisfactory results, the Midi Railway issuing £3,000,000 and the Orleans Railway £2,000,000 of 6 per cent. sterling bonds at 89. The increase of issues by foreign borrowers is a feature of the year in the new capital market.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

FOLKLORE is usually assumed to be a kind of Little Boy Lost, exposed on the naked wold by its cruel step-mother, Literature, when she took up with the fine gentleman from town. But I take leave to doubt its forlornness, and I suggest that its extreme tenacity of survival is largely sentimental. The days of folk-ballad and folk-song are irretrievably gone, but a huge *pondus immobile* of tag, rhyme, saw, charm, nominy, quip, formula, and traditional verse relating to rustic custom, husbandry, the weather, superstition, games, the almanac, places and persons, and so on, has been dumped into print by the English Dialect Society, "Notes and Queries," the Folklore Society, and other antiquarian bodies, and a large portion of it still remains in country districts and the nursery.

WHETHER it deserves to survive, except for fun or curiosity, is another matter. Very little of it has any beauty; much of it refers to brutal and happily obsolete customs; its truth to natural phenomena is, in the main, a picturesque legend fostered by self-conscious simple-lifers, and if there is much jolly rhyme in plenty of it, there is very little reason. For here the material refers back to pagan rites and observances with no clue to their significance in our hands. Geology and anthropology, in fact, are a vastly better guide to the lie of an ancient land and the way of its people than folklore.

OF course, there are exceptions. The Cheshire rhyme, "From Birkenhead unto far Hilbree, A squirrel could leap from tree to tree," is a sufficiently interesting deposit of the fact that the tongue of land between them was at one time a dense forest. "Derbyshire born, Derbyshire bred, Strong i' th' arm, and thick i' th' head," may claim to come straight from the soil, but I doubt whether the King's Lynn records zealously preserve "That nasty, stinking sinkhole of sin, Which the map of the county denominates Lynn," or whether a journey to Ugley, in Essex, will reward the seeker with its folk-rhyme, "Ugly church, ugly steeple, Ugly parson, ugly people." The lads of Dartmoor, again, are evidently not Gabriel Oaks:—

"He that will not merry be
With a pretty girl by the fire,
I wish he was atop of Dartmoor,
A-stugged in the mire."

FOLKLORE is nothing if not hortatory. In Lancashire they say: "At ten a child, at twenty wild; At thirty tame if ever; At forty wise, at fifty rich; At sixty, good, or never," while the Norfolk wiseacres, if less general, are more practical:—

"He's a fule
That marries at Yule;
For when the bairn's to bear,
The corn's to shear."

In Cumberland they sum up character by appearance thus: "Faire and foolish, little and lowde, Long and lazie, black and prowde; Fatte and merrie, leane and sadde, Pale and pettish, redde and badde"; and Chirbury, Shropshire, has, or had, this saw about what toasters (in "Pears' Annual") used to call "the sex":—

"Many men has many minds,
But women has but two;
Everything is what they'd have,
And nothing would they do."

"A SPANIEL, a woman, and a walnut tree, The more they're beaten the better still they be," was so scandalously common in one county after another (see Hazlitt's "Proverbs") that it percolated through into literature; but the gentility of: "Of a little take a little, Manners so to do; Of a little leave a little, That is manners, too," is a table maxim confined to Northamptonshire. "A little house well filled, A little land well tilled, And a little wife well willed," is the content of all peasantry; "Pity without relief Is like mustard without beef," contains the natural kindness, and in—

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there's none.
If there is one, try and find it;
If there is not, never mind it,"

speaks the good sense of the English people.

THE folklore of children's games is a reservoir of perished superstitions, spells, charms, divinations, and what not, and their doggerel ("Eena, meena, mona, mi, Pasca, lara, bona, bi," &c.) records, nine times out of ten, the relics of incantations. Thus does the oral tradition of the ages hand on their human childhood to children who, happily, know not what they say. This odd packing up of the past into rhyme goes some way towards explaining why folk-rhymes are so rarely poetic. One does not meet a catch like this (a form for a valentine)—

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine;
I drew thee to my Valentine;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you,"

once in a hundred pages. Folk-rhymes are vestigiary structures, like "Darwin's point" on the ear, and were never intended to be poetry, even in their origins.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

THE FLY.

"Y'ARE very snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodfield, and he peered out of the great, green leather armchair by his friend the boss's desk as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his . . . stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesday he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day. Though what he did there the wife and the girls couldn't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed. . . . Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodfield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added, "It's snug in here—upon my word!"

"Yes, it's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped the "Financial Times" with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact he was proud of his room: he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodfield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the past—how many?—weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings. "New furniture," and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating!" He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodfield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodfield, and his eyes grew dim, remembering. "Now what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly, "I tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That's the medicine," said he. "And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.T. it came from the cellars at Windsor Cassel."

Old Woodfield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It's whisky, ain't it?" he piped, feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D'you know," said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." And he looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodfield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly, "It's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain—he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodfield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better if they were at home. You've not been across, have yer?"

"No, no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There's miles of it," quavered old Woodfield, "and it's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D'you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she hadn't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it's trading on our feelings. They think because we're over there having a look round we're ready to pay anything. That's what it is." And he turned towards the door.

"Quite right, quite right!" cried the boss, though what was quite right he hadn't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodfield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the grey-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubby hole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run. Then: "I'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

"Very good, sir."

The door shut, the firm, heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and, leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep. . . .

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodfield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there with Woodfield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. "My son!" groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men perhaps might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him: it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn't make enough of the boy. And he wasn't in the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright, natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid."

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had

handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. "Deeply regret to inform you. . . ." And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years. . . . How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it wasn't a favorite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small, sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting paper, and as the fly tried its wings down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that? What indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things, that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of. . . . But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful little b——" And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, as he dipped the pen deep into the inkpot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the draggled fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on," said the boss. "Look sharp!" And he stirred it with his pen—in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket. But such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said, sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was. . . . He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Reviews.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF SHAKESPEARE.—II.

Croce as Shakespearian Critic. By J. M. ROBERTSON. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

The Shakespeare Canon. By J. M. ROBERTSON. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

Measure for Measure. Edited by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. (Cambridge University Press. 7s.)

MR. ROBERTSON, as we have seen, is a bold, bad man. But when he lays hands on "Henry V." he is worse; he is positively sacrilegious. To declare that "Henry V." is not a masterpiece; that most of it was not written by Shakespeare; that the warrior king, instead of being Shakespeare's ideal of British manhood, was a ranting lay-figure invented by somebody else whom the poet helped out with a speech or two just before rehearsal—this is surely as bad as robbing a church. All this Mr. Robertson maintains. We wait for the lightning to blast him.

In the interval, in a subdued whisper, we congratulate him on his courage. It is so great that it amounts almost to foolhardiness; and now, to encourage him, we will quote from our own Shakespeare note-book an entry made in the course of reading Shakespeare's plays aloud in the order of their composition:—

August 8th, 1921. "Henry V." On the whole this is the very dullest of S.'s plays. Henry has one or two fine speeches; but as a character he is absolutely wooden. He indulges in a wanton war to get a country that doesn't belong to him, and then has the impudence to make a speech comparing the happiness of a peasant with that of a king:—

But in gross brain [the peasant] little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

The first scene is utterly deadly: the funny men are too boring for words. There remain: the wonderful account of Falstaff's death; some of Henry's speeches, not for their dramatic, but their poetic beauty; Fluellen's comparison of Harry of Monmouth with Alexander of Macedon; and the talk of Bates, Court, and Williams. And of Henry's speeches, "O God of battles!" is feeble. Fluellen is a decent old bird, but oh! how boring!

Henry is not a patch, for character, on Hotspur. The speeches of the chorus are quite inferior. To me they are very doubtful Shakespeare.

Altogether "Henry V." needs to be thoroughly blown on—a piece of hack-work if ever there was one.

We must apologize for the unseemly language of our private meditations. Evidently our violent words were winged, and they flew straight to Mr. Robertson's head. With a redoubled ardor he began "to blow on" "Henry V."

We cannot help wondering whether our subsequent meditations had a similar telepathic effect upon him. Here they are *verbatim*:—

"Henry V." January 31st, 1922. It's queer how I chop and change in my opinions of S.'s separate plays. When I read this aloud in the summer I thought it vastly overestimated; to-day, I once more think it's very fine indeed. I think the chief influence is reading aloud. Read aloud, H. 5 is as inferior to H. 4 Pt. 2 as H. 4 Pt. 2 is to H. 4 Pt. 1. But Crispin-Crispian is a wonderful, an amazing speech.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot. . . .

It's no use saying patriotism can't produce superb poetry; it's rare, it's rash, but when it comes off, it grips your very entrails.

What are we to make of it? Speaking roughly, the first entry in our notebook represents Mr. Robertson's state of mind. It contains the *donnée* from which his careful investigation begins; it expresses his feeling of the complete inferiority of "Henry V." to the two parts of "Henry IV.," of which it is supposed to be the pendant. And yet, six months later, comes a pretty complete recantation. Shall we say to Mr. Robertson: "Yes, we have felt like that: but you'll get over it"? Mr. Robertson is a Privy Councillor, and we dare not. Moreover, we do not believe he will. And what is more, we believe that when we come to read through Shakespeare aloud again, we shall have the same feeling again. "Henry V." is rant, not a play; superb rant, but still not a play. To read superb rant with the eye is more comfortable than to pronounce it with the lips. One's

mouth rebels at the characterlessness of it, one's eye does not.

What in fact happens is that the eye—or, at least, our eye—hurries over the inferior rant and dwells lovingly on the superior. The tongue has not the chance; it has to go steadily through everything. The taste of the bad lingers as long as the taste of the good; much longer where, as in "Henry V.," there is much more of it. The eye is a dainty feeder and picks out the best. Scattered touches of Shakespeare's hand can be found all through "Henry V.," the eye is therefore tolerably satisfied. But the reasonable conclusion of the slower-going tongue is that neither the language nor the sentiment of "Henry V.," taken as a whole, is Shakespeare's.

It is worth while to reconstruct the particular circumstances of its composition. The old tradition that "The Merry Wives" was written at the Queen's command within a fortnight is certainly corroborated, as the new Cambridge editors have proved, by the internal evidence of the play, which shows every sign of being a hurried rewriting of an earlier comedy. Further, the epilogue to "Henry IV.," Pt. 2, plainly indicates that the public was as hungry as the Queen for more of Falstaff and "the irregular humorists"; it shows that not only "Henry IV.," Pt. 2, was itself hurriedly written to take the place of an unpopular play, but Shakespeare was compelled to promise yet more. The year (or rather the months) in which Shakespeare, with the impatient manager at his elbow, produced the Second Part of "Henry IV.," "The Merry Wives," and "Henry V." was probably the busiest of his life. "Henry V." was the last of the trio. It stands to reason that when he began it Shakespeare must have been sick to death of the whole comic business; he would eagerly seize upon an old play and do as little as he possibly could to it. And that is precisely what we feel when we read "Henry V." Shakespeare promptly kills off Falstaff, because he had too much respect for his own creation to keep him alive when he could not do him justice. He writes a fine prose scene in which he pricks the bubble of military heroics (Act IV., sc 1), for Henry makes absolutely no reply to Williams's blunt charge that "if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make"—and he rewrites completely a few of Henry's harangues, and perhaps inserts new ones. We ourselves are not inclined to acquit him of the dull talk between Fluellen and the other captains; it seems just the kind of thing into which a tired comic writer would fall. But essentially, the play remains what it was before he touched it: alien to Shakespeare's genius and style. He has merely tinkered with it.

Mr. Robertson brings forward evidence to show that Marlowe's was the preponderant hand in the old play, and we agree; he also finds traces of Greene, and Peele, and Chapman. It may be so. We cannot follow him into these minutiae; we are content to endorse his general conclusion that "there has been no vital rehandling by Shakespeare, though he has inserted the best matter, ethical and poetical." But again, as in the case of "Julius Cæsar," where he denied the authenticity of Mark Antony's speech, he pushes his case too far when he peremptorily rejects Henry's speech before Agincourt:—

"What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour."

We all know it by heart; and we have to be doubly careful not to be impatient with Mr. Robertson about it. His is a thankless task; he runs against a thousand affections and ten thousand prejudices. Yet, with every desire to do justice to his remarkable book, we cannot help thinking his remarks on this speech both extravagant and ill-advised:—

"Eloquent without intensity," he writes, "sentimentally lyrical, and notably reiterative, it is in some respects more markedly in the style of Peele than almost anything else in the play. . . . The psychology here, too, is of that non-Shakespearean sort paraded in 'Julius Cæsar' in the scene in which the assassins predict their future renown."

That judgment strikes us as positively wrong-headed. His abuse of the speech as "sentimentally lyrical" suggests that

Mr. Robertson has slipped out of his rôle as Shakespearean critic and become the rationalist pacifist. That it not the way to judge Shakespeare. Henry's is a quixotic, patriotic, chivalrous harangue; it is gloriously irrational, but the blood of the man who is not moved by it is very snow-broth. Peele could not have written two lines of it. It is dramatically perfect. By impugning it Mr. Robertson will do the greatest harm to his otherwise excellent case; he will render himself ridiculous in the eyes of those who have not the patience to examine his arguments.

Strangely enough, there is little more to be said about the new Cambridge edition of "Measure for Measure" than that it is admirable. Few people who know the fascinating play well were unprepared for the finding of the editors that two hands have been at work in the prison scene (III., 1) and the scene of Mariana's garden (IV., 1). The absurdities in both leap to the eye. Nevertheless, though "Measure for Measure" contains alien elements, it is substantially Shakespeare's. Its failure is Shakespeare's failure; its fascination his fascination. The shadow of death hangs over it; it is disturbed by a strange obsession with the coarse and splendid strength of natural life, and the impotence of the mind before the sensual uprush. Angelo and Isabella, however little we may like them, are marvellous characters; the movement of their minds is as intensely realized as that of Claudio's, which more easily strikes home on the reader. Isabella's chastity is icy, indeed; but after a while we feel it could not have been otherwise in the midst of the sensual, pullulating life around. "Measure for Measure" is the work of a man who has lost his way in life. He sees things with an extreme clarity; and the things he sees are themselves extreme. Life is at war in itself, it is "the fell clash of opposites." He recoils from it and broods over death. The more we read "Measure for Measure" the more we feel that it belongs to "Hamlet"; the two plays illuminate and explain each other. They are haunting, obsessing, bewildering, not because there are fragments of older work imbedded in them, as there are, but because the mind of Shakespeare was distraught when he set his hand to them, and he could not deliver his bosom of the perilous stuff it hid.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

M. POINCARÉ ON THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

The Origins of the War. By RAYMOND POINCARÉ. (Cassell, 12s.)

IF each of the chief actors in the tragedy of the twelve days would publish a diary of his doings and reflections at that time, we should have a profoundly interesting collection. The chief attraction of M. Poincaré's book is to be found in the record of those anxious hours that he spent on the sea or at St. Petersburg, while he and his Prime Minister, M. Viviani, were waiting for news of the Austrian decision about Serbia. Even trifling incidents assume an interest and importance if they mark the last moments before some tremendous crash, and "the general and, I am bound to say, somewhat commonplace observations," for which M. Poincaré apologizes in his record of his talk with Nicholas II. on July 20th, possess a dramatic significance in the light of the tragedy that was imminent. Two topics seem to have been in the minds of the French President and the Tsar. The President was specially anxious to persuade Russia to be more considerate to England over Persia, and the Tsar was specially anxious that the President in his visit to Sweden should impress the King with Russia's peaceful disposition. It would appear from these pages that the President was exceedingly frank with his host, and told him that both in Sweden and in Persia Russia was badly served by her agents.

But, of course, the absorbing anxiety of the moment was the suspense about Austria's answer to Serbia. M. Poincaré and M. Viviani arrived at Kronstadt on July 20th and left again on July 23rd. On the 21st they met the Diplomatic Corps at the Winter Palace, and Count Szápáry, the Austro-

Hungarian Ambassador, told them, without giving precise details, that his Government had decided to take steps at Belgrade. But the Austrian Minister at Belgrade was instructed to delay presenting the ultimatum until the French guests had left Russia. The visit to Sweden was paid, but by the 27th the situation was so alarming and France so uneasy that the visits that were to have been paid to Norway and Denmark were cancelled, and M. Poincaré and M. Viviani turned homewards. By the time they arrived at Dunkirk, on July 29th, much had happened, and the outlook was exceedingly grave. "We have had enough of it," said one of the statesmen who met us at Paris; "the country has come to the end of its patience." "We must never come to the end of our patience," I replied. "Let us still try to maintain peace."

M. Poincaré's book is history, with France as the good boy and Germany as the bad boy, and there is something a little naïve in the perfect and almost superhuman innocence and freedom from rancor attributed to France and to all French Ministers in the period from 1870 to 1914. But in the record of those last days there can be no reasonable doubt where the blame lies as between Germany and France, and M. Poincaré can justly claim that France did keep patience to the last. The case against Germany presented by her enemies is not so deadly as the case presented by the Kaiser's running comments on the proceedings. These are all reproduced by M. Poincaré from Kautsky's revelations, and they make a fine collection. "Who authorized him to do this?" was the Kaiser's outburst when the German Ambassador urged moderation on the Austrian Government. "The Serbs must be finished as soon as possible. . . Now or never." When the Serbians returned their submissive answer to the Austrian ultimatum the Kaiser made this comment: "How hollow the whole of this so-called Great Power, Serbia, proves to be! All the Slav States are of this kind. These blackguards must be trampled thoroughly under foot." On July 22nd, Lichnowsky sent a report stating that Grey had expressed the hope that Austria would take into account Serbia's national dignity. "Serbia's national dignity," wrote the Kaiser, "does not exist. The question has nothing to do with Grey; it is his Majesty Francis Joseph's affair. What gigantic British impudence!"

All his comments were in this strain. They were the outbursts of a man in whom arbitrary ideas were dominant, and it is because this was the Kaiser's governing passion that he could not accept Grey's idea of a European settlement. Lichnowsky summed up the essential truth when he said later: "A look from Berlin would have been sufficient to decide Count Berchtold to be content with a diplomatic success and to be appeased by the Serbian reply." But Wilhelm II. had set his mind on a triumph of prestige. The Austrian Army, "which has been three times mobilized in vain," must have "the appearance of a success in foreign eyes and the consciousness of having at least trodden foreign soil." The habit of refusing to attend, when once you want a thing strongly, to any evidence that runs counter to your wishes, is one of the leading characteristics of German diplomacy as described in Baron von Eckardstein's recent book. Wilhelm II. acted in this spirit, and when he received fair warning from the German Ambassador at Rome, who told him, "The text of the Austrian Note has been drawn up in such an aggressive and clumsy manner that the public opinion of Europe and of Italy would be against Austria and would be stronger than any Government," he wrote: "Humbug! Italy has already tried to cheat in Albania and caused Austria to raise her eyebrows. . . All this is only twaddle, as we shall see very plainly as time goes on." Of all the men who had their hands on the politics of Europe in those critical days nobody else was quite so blind or wilful in his infatuation as Wilhelm II.: Napoleon III. was, in comparison, almost cold and careful in 1870.

M. Poincaré's pages suggest, however, one criticism of the diplomacy both of France and England. Nobody can doubt that both Governments wanted peace, though we should speak with less certainty of M. Poincaré than of some others. But there was one danger against which they ought to have been much more on their guard: the danger that Russia might take a false or

provocative step. This danger should have been very much before M. Poincaré's mind, because, for one thing, he was well aware of the difficulties caused both in Sweden and in Persia by the way in which militarist agents of the Russian Government had acted on their own initiative; for another, because M. Poincaré himself had very nearly been the victim of Russian duplicity in 1912. He tells the story of the attempts of the Russian Government to get the French Government to help in placing the Bulgarian loan on the French market while keeping France in the dark about the character of the agreements behind the Balkan League. Isvolsky told the French Government that the Serbo-Bulgar Convention and the Græco-Bulgar Conventions were designed to maintain the *status quo*. In August, 1912, the French Government were uneasy about their relations with Russia on a number of points, and in particular about these agreements, and M. Poincaré, who was the Prime Minister, went to St. Petersburg to try to obtain clearer information. There M. Sazonoff showed him the Serbo-Bulgarian Convention, and when M. Poincaré pointed out that the Convention was a war convention, Sazonoff admitted that it had been so described by the Russian Minister at Sofia when sending a copy to St. Petersburg. This example of the shameless deceit that Russia could practise on an ally ought to have been a warning to the French Government to take the most careful precautions in the days preceding the outbreak of war against any action by Russia that might increase the danger. Why should not Russia have been told, as Jaurès suggested, that if she was to have the aid of France she must not mobilize without the consent of France? The English and French Governments, one would have thought, knew enough of their ally to see that their interests could not be left in her hands for half-an-hour. We have never thought that Lord Grey was properly on his guard in this matter.

M. Poincaré's book discusses the politics of Europe during the forty-four years that preceded the war. The general thesis he maintains will not command the assent, we think, of many students of that age of conflict and intrigue. To present Germany as the one black sheep of a highly respectable family is impossible, because any close examination of the diplomacy of the period shows a remarkable similarity of ideals, standards, and ambitions throughout Europe. Morocco, Persia, Egypt, South Africa, the Balkans—they all recall a history of expansion or of the prosecution of the several aims of the different Powers by similar methods. Where German diplomacy differs from that of other countries is in its stupidity; the note of all German Governments after the fall of Bismarck seems to have been incompetence. In the early years of the century Germany could have got immense concessions from England: when the war broke out she had within her grasp a colonial agreement with England that promised her great advantages. If she made herself enemies everywhere, if she lost opportunity after opportunity, it was not from wickedness: it was from incapacity. And that incapacity was largely a matter of manners. She lied, but she was not peculiar in that; she intrigued, but she was not peculiar in that. But her manners were the worst in Europe, and the Kaiser always pouting or swaggering in public, banging the table, as Jaurès said, in every crisis, was a good incarnation of the spirit that brought her to ruin. There was nothing Christian about the diplomacy of Europe in that half-century, and to accuse German Governments of being more selfish than others is to trifle with words. What the world may justly charge against Germany, before the final crime of her part in the war, is that her rulers could not learn to be gentlemen.

ADVENTUROUS ESSAYS.

Hellenism and Christianity. By EDWYN BEVAN. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE are three Edwyn Bevans known to his readers and his friends. There was Edwyn Bevan the First, who produced, without warning to a public that had not heard his name, that solid and brilliant history in two volumes, "The House of Seleucus," and followed it up with two significant, if smaller, works on Jerusalem under the High Priests and on Stoics and Sceptics—all three books standing in the front rank

of English writing upon the Hellenistic period. The second Edwyn Bevan wrote during the war a less significant style of thing on Indian questions, and Mesopotamia, and so forth—work good for another man—perhaps the utmost a man could be expected to do at such a time. The third Edwyn Bevan has not published very much, but is not unknown to the thoughtful in the younger Christian community—a man of pure and high spirit, at the same time essentially religious and acutely critical, incorruptible, and above bias in his devotion to truth.

The title of the volume before us promised a new work of importance by Edwyn Bevan the First; it could be nothing else. But it was something else. The writer appealed to a friend familiar with such matters, who fell into the same error. The title suggested such a treatment of the relations of Christianity and the Hellenistic world as hardly any other Englishman could have given us. There are few Englishmen, among historical writers, who really know the period as Mr. Bevan does; few who have such interpretative sympathy in things religious; and the two small groups hardly overlap, but where they do, there he stands. And it was something of a disappointment to find that this was not another historical work—especially when it was obvious that it must contain (as it does) a very striking essay on the Gnostic Redeemer, which marks an important stage in the investigation of Gnosticism.

The thesis of that essay is briefly this—in our words, not Mr. Bevan's. It was assumed that there was, even before the birth of Jesus, a type of Gnostic god, or demigod, a Redeemer, a *Sotër*; that the Christ of the Church was another of this pattern, largely indebted for his character and functions to the type, one of a number, as the term "type" suggests; and that Jesus of Nazareth (if he existed) was the recipient of unexpected identification with a really alien and Gnostic figure of myth. All this became widely current; and writers, of whom more care might have been expected, talked lightly in this vein. Mr. Bevan, in his paper published nearly ten years ago in the "Hibbert," asked for the evidence; he asked for it when he read his paper before publication; and there was virtually no evidence. There were Gnostic sects which show, and others which do now show, points of contact with Christianity. It was as fair a deduction that, where there is resemblance, the Gnostics borrowed from the Christian Church as that it borrowed from them. But, when you come to content and meaning, the comparison broke down. The talk had been idle and external. The Christian Christ was of a different order from the others so labelled, and only dabbblers and minds essentially unscholarly could prolong the talk.

That was the essay we expected and found in the book; and from the point of view of historical scholarship, its importance is very great. The rest of the book—well, some appeared to be by the second Edwyn Bevan, good stuff and sensible, but not so urgent as the first's work on the Hellenistic age. Thus, it is interesting to be asked why every line of Greek genius was worked to a point where no more was to be done, and, further, to be asked in the same connection whether we might not find the same ourselves (as we have, in fact, in drama and, some would add, in architecture), and why it should be so. It was all to the good, but the title had suggested the first Bevan. By-and-by it became clear that a number of the essays are by Edwyn Bevan the Third, who has found utterance at last in a very adequate way. If the book is not the one we hoped to be studying, it is another by a thinker whose words the Christian world will do well to consider. But the initial disappointment at not getting the book on the Hellenistic world, when one saw at a glance that the use of certain essays here printed made it still more remote, is compensated in the enjoyment of what Mr. Bevan has given us, in its clarity of thought, its scholarship, its lucidity and simplicity of style. We cannot but hope that the book will be widely read, and we are convinced that the more widely and deeply it is read, the better it will be both for those within the Christian Church and those who, so far, cannot be quite clear what to make of Christian thought.

UTOPIA, UNLIMITED.

London of the Future. By the LONDON SOCIETY, under the Editorship of Sir ASTON WEBB. (Fisher Unwin. 42s. net.)

THE ideal reception for this imposing and attractive volume would be to review it by a committee. Such a committee should contain a statesman, an engineer, a railway traffic manager, an architect, an artist, and a building contractor, who would be collectively competent to grapple with the impressive series of names which head its chapters. Unfortunately, the present writer possesses none of these technical qualifications, and must be content to discuss the book as it impresses, and as it affects, the ordinary citizen. In that capacity one must begin by cordially welcoming the governing idea of the London Society, which is to stimulate all Londoners into a wider concern for the beauty of their city, for the preservation of its old charms, and the careful consideration of its new developments. Although the Society's work has been obstructed by the war, it has already justified its existence, and it will be impossible, one hopes, for official duplicity, such as that which swept away the Rolls Chapel in defiance of a distinct pledge to the contrary, or official stupidity, which inspired the City Corporation to present the historic stones of Temple Bar to an extra-suburban baronet for a lodge gate, to be repeated in regard to other relics of old London. The smoke nuisance, again, is one in which the health of the population and the purity of the atmosphere are alike concerned, and the late Sir William Richmond's contribution on the subject to this volume is exceedingly valuable. The Society has also evidenced the quickening of the modern spirit by its attention to the subject of new arterial roads in Greater London. It is nearly ten years since it urged the importance of undertaking at least the acquisition of the necessary land, so that the exits of the metropolis into the country should not be blocked by buildings, which would have to be purchased at greatly enhanced cost hereafter.

In all these directions one can give hearty and unhesitating support to the Society, and welcome the contributors to this volume who deal with its work. But there is something more to be said. The volume contains proposals, backed by influential names, which would be only possible under the rule of a Dictator like Napoleon with the purse of Fortunatus. As one reads their glittering visions, one is impressed by the fact that not one single figure of cost, not even an estimate, is attempted. These are days when our national resources have been beggared, when we have £8,000,000,000 of debt, when our productive capacity as a nation will have to bear heavy burdens for pensions for the disabled, houses for the people, relief works for the unemployed, road construction for our trade, and the general arrears of seven long years. The removal of slum areas and the inauguration of bulk electricity schemes to provide cheap power will swallow up enormous sums on vital necessities for the future. Where are we to get money for Babylonian luxuries like the scheme propounded in this volume by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu for a central aerodrome in Hyde Park or over Oxford Street, thirty or forty acres of heavy glass floor resting on steel pillars 150 feet high? When one comes to the proposals for railway reconstruction the element of cost is equally elusive. All the essayists are agreed on removing Charing Cross Station and railway bridge, but they are by no means agreed on the next step. Mr. H. J. Leaning plumps for an enlarged Waterloo, Sir Arthur Fell wants a grandiose Empire Station to bring the traveller by his Channel Tunnel to a site distinct from Waterloo, while Mr. Paul Waterhouse demands a new Continental Station somewhere in Gravel Lane to the east of Blackfriars Road.

In all these gorgeous schemes the humble Londoner has no place. The essayists would abolish Charing Cross Station with a light heart, and give us a magnificent, high-level road bridge along which they picture motor cars and taxicabs rolling to and from the new terminus, wherever it may be. But the people who can afford neither motor cars nor taxicabs will have to struggle across the magnificent bridge in the icy blast or the drenching rain, and the mother with three small children and two "hold-alls" will not offer a benediction to the memory of the gentlemen who designed this new approach.

NEW FICTION.

The Grey Room. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Hurst & Blackett. 7s. 6d.)

The Haunted Woman. By DAVID LINDSAY. (Methuen. 6s.)

The Awakening. By HUGH and EDITH SPENDER. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

The Education of Alice. By ELSA FISH. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

MR. PHILLPOTTS walks over all the hot bricks and among all the sword-blades we can test him by without turning a hair. Everybody who sleeps or remains for some time in the Grey Room just dies, dies flat and by the most above-board method of natural syncope. All are welcome—the old dame, the lively and healthy young hospital nurse, the breezy young naval adherent to the physico-chemical theory of life, the detective specialist and sceptic (who goes off with the sun pouring into the room), the priest armed with prayer and exorcizing Bible; none are refused, and the impartiality of the death-dealer is so unbiased, so little moved by the appeals of personal relativity, that we are irresistibly reminded of the last chapter of Raleigh's "History of the World." But why, we ask in despair, why then did the eloquent, just, and mighty One spare those four policemen? A blue uniform to defeat this Grey Room expert—it is as bad as Æschylus and the tortoise! Thus does the devilish cunning of Mr. Phillpotts lure us up one blind alley after another, until grudgingly we measure his *finesse* by our exasperated bewilderment. Let, however, the victorious Mr. Phillpotts ask himself this question: How many readers does he expect to exercise the same self-restraint that we did in not turning to the end of the book when they are half-way through?

Would that we had been so beset over "The Haunted Woman"! The roar of machinery in Mr. Lindsay's ghost-factory is so deafening that all our senses are dulled by it. Spirits who perform so prodigiously as they do at Runhill Court, messing up even the rotation of the seasons, lack that discretion and reticence which are the indispensable condition of our attention to them. Mr. Lindsay is an excellent mechanic, and is never at a loss for ingenious appliances, but he appears to forget that there are or should be more things in the hell of ghostly visitation than clockwork.

"The Awakening" is an honest, competent, sober tale on somewhat conventional lines of enlightenment. We have the war-bigot, Major Mansfield, who talks and thinks like a morning newspaper in 1916, and his betrothed, Agatha, who cherishes an open mind about Germans. We rather hoped against hope that they wouldn't marry in order to save ourselves from carefully reading page by page what we had already surmised by a shorter process, if they did. Plainly, there would be no mystery here. Well, they do marry, and there is trouble, and the Major's mental blindness becomes physical, and Agatha sacrifices her mind to her pity, until the Major overhears a conversation about his egoism, and we end up with "a light on his face which she had never seen before." In the course of a longish reading career we have seen it a good many times, and it says much for the quality, sense, and good feeling of the book that we tramp familiar ground with an open eye for its features.

"The Education of Alice" is described on the cover as a first novel, "full of wit, frivolity, and sauciness"; in other words, it twangs the sensual string without more bashfulness than is strictly necessary. Alice has an English father and a Roumanian mother, and spends her budding womanhood learning the art of living in Roumanian society. Education takes some people their whole lives, but there isn't very much you could teach Alice after her year in Roumania. How Didine gave birth to a child after five months of marriage; how to treat old women retainers who kiss your boots (by kicking them away); how to spot an intrigue by studying the eyebrows of the respectable; how to skate becomingly over thin ice; how to get others to pay for the most expensive lingerie; how to dance till dawn without looking stale; how to wave the banner of sex discreetly, neither too much for trouble nor

too little for diffidence—we learn it all. Incidentally, we obtain more than a bird's-eye view of Roumanian society, whose curvy the author turns to good effect for not too squeamish English palates.

Foreign Literature.

GOETHE.

Goethe. Von GEORG BRANDES. Uebersetzt von ERICH HOLM und EMILIE STEIN. (Berlin: Reise.)

MATERIALS for Goethe's biography exist, as we know, in abundance. There is scarcely a question which curiosity might be moved to ask about him, about his appearance, tastes, habits, about the minute detail of his long career, especially in its later stages, to which an answer bristling with corroborative evidence might not be given. Moreover, German research has applied itself, in its own peculiar, blind, disintegrating fashion, to comment upon almost every line that he wrote, expecting heaven knows what light to emerge from the resulting chaos; as though bookworms should pursue their digestive labors in the pious hope of reducing their pabulum to an intellectually more assimilable form.

In so far as we love Goethe, it is almost in spite of his biographers. In vain they point out that he was wise, gifted, various, strong, and beautiful: they leave us—as they leave him—cold. Coldness is the recurring, the dominant note in our impression of Goethe. "Smooth as marble, cold as marble," said an early critic of "Die Natürliche Tochter." There is more to say about it, no doubt; but so much could hardly have been said more neatly and truly, though to-day the priests of the Goethe-cult wag their heads at Huber savagely. And the remark applies to very much else of Goethe's vast literary production. For there is no denying that Goethe became, in his later years, frost-bound; partly, it may be, because of the very height he stood above the levels of human intelligence. The hackneyed image may serve—he uses it of himself in the "Buch Suleika": Etna, with the snow on its flanks; but the same whose eruption has altered the shape of the earth. It is the inward fires and convulsion that may justly interest us, even when they no longer manifest their power, rather than the scenic majesty of the vainly smoking mountain. To put the matter in a nutshell, we need a revelation of the personality to which the world owes the First Part of "Faust." No biographer, we think, has given us this.

"Faust" is the crown of his achievement, the work which embodies, imperishable as the language in which it is written, a realization of the immensity of the human drama, and confronts us with the absurdity of its details without ever blinding us to its immensity. It is a sharp blade refined to an acute point—Mephistopheles—to pierce the chinks of the dullest complacency. By virtue of "Faust," Goethe takes his place beside Shakespeare and Dante. Coldness the most sublime would not entitle him to that company—on the contrary, only such a heat of passion as could fuse the rebellious material of experience into so great a unity of art.

With "Faust" rank some perfect lyrics and ballads, a few priceless pearls in whole oyster-beds of respectable verse. Next, "Werther," perhaps the third of the great novels of passion, after "Wuthering Heights" and "Manon Lescaut," and richer than either in what does not pertain immediately to its main theme of love—communion with nature, and a pervading, youthful enthusiasm.

In the works just named, the form has been determined by inner necessity; in "Hermann und Dorothea," in "Tasso" and "Iphigenie," it was more deliberately chosen and imposed; in these his art is robed and masked. Even should we hold that it has nothing to gain by the trappings, we cannot deny that it remains here great art.

The remainder of Goethe's work would afford nourishment for any number of literary reputations; but there is perhaps nothing that adds essentially to so bright a glory, and there is much that may be held to detract from it.

This biography, like its predecessors, appears to us to lack some final intimacy with its subject. Its method does not differ markedly, save in a few points, from that of previous attempts of the same order; but the method has

perhaps never been used to such advantage. The position of M. Brandes, as a critic of European literatures, enables him to place his subject rightly against the vaster background.

Books in Brief.

The Economics of Socialism: Marx Made Easy. By H. M. HYNDMAN. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

IF the late Mr. Hyndman did not see Marx steadily, he at least adopted him whole. He ran beside his chariot and proclaimed him to the disregarding world as a seer, the only seer, Hyndman apart. "Das Capital" was his Bible, the first word and the last. Being a man of much eloquence, and having a forceful, not to say overbearing, personality, he impressed himself upon the world. He attracted a following. It is owing chiefly to Hyndman that up and down the country there are bodies of working men who can batter down your arguments with formulas about the final futility of final utility, surplus value, and the economic interpretation of history. It is Karl Marx Hyndmanized, and it must be said there is no more lucid, though uncritical, explanation of Marxism in the language. Hyndman saw nothing to criticize, and he wrote the volume in the full-orbed enthusiasm of the propagandist. It is amusing to find him trouncing, in his vigorous way, the "bigoted worshippers" who erect Marx "into a sort of infallible Socialist Pope and universal arbiter of economic and social destiny." It is a description of his own state of mind, but it was aimed at more independent disciples who were quicker to recognize in Russia the application of a doctrine Hyndman had been preaching all his life. Despite this outburst against his comrades, he never throws a shadow of doubt on the Marxian criticism of economics nor on the exegesis of history. "Economics of Socialism" has long been out of print. The present edition has been revised and enlarged, and there is fresh material in the preface.

In the Heart of Bantuland. By DUGALD CAMPBELL. (Seeley & Service. 21s.)

THIS is a record of twenty-nine years' pioneering in Central Africa, among the Bantu peoples, with a description of their habits, customs, secret societies, and languages. Mr. Campbell has journeyed three times from one side of the continent to the other. Twenty-eight years ago, if you had travelled with him from Catumbella to Bihé, you would have met slave camps and caravans on every hand. "The first day's travel over the hills was a revelation to a newcomer: bodies lying about here and there in the open, in various stages of decomposition, and others lying about in the huts built by the traders . . . full-length skeletons also, days, weeks, months, and years old; skulls and vertebrae, leg and arm bones, &c., lying loose on each side of the road, or in little heaps. . . . The 'red road' to the West Coast, as Livingstone called it, was littered from end to end with bleaching bones and skulls." Mr. Campbell is entitled to a measure of self-satisfaction: it was due primarily to his unrelenting campaign of pamphlets, speeches, and letters to the Press that these horrors of the slave trade are disappearing. He discusses native laws, customs, witch doctors, totemism, exogamy and taboo, secret societies, guilds, the Bantu language, and a store of other subjects he has studied. He shows the native as a respecter of law and authority, and as a humorist. The Bantu's whole idea and code of censorship of morals, public and private, is wrapped up in the sharp sayings and witty warnings of the court and village jester. The jester has power to rebuke the king in public and remind him that the people who made can unmake him. He performs a similar function for the humbler folk, and "many a reproof and warning is thrown about wrapped up in the sugar of wit, received amid roars of laughter, and never fails to reach its mark." Mr. Campbell has provided a rich magazine for the anthropologist, and an interesting narrative for everyone who cares for travel books.

Madame de Staël: her Trials and Triumphs. By Lieut.-Col. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

WE are puzzled about this class of book. People interested enough in the work of Mme. de Staël to have made themselves familiar with her career are not likely to need it, and it would not seem probable that those to whom she is not more than a name will be attracted by the title. Perhaps it is the author who is relied upon to draw, for we are told his book is "written in the bright and entertaining style usual with this popular author." Few women have had so much influence upon their times as had Mme. de Staël. Her relentless polemics against Napoleon, the avidity with which her writings were read by all Europe, make her an historic figure. Her story is treated in this book as rather a jolly adventure. Lieut.-Colonel Haggard deals chiefly with her many love affairs, or what he calls "the carnal side of her nature." In writing of the early passion of Suzanne Cuarchod (who later became the wife of Necker and the mother of Mme. de Staël) he makes the curious reflection concerning Germaine: "From the great literary talent displayed by this wonderfully precocious child from girlhood, it is difficult not to imagine but that in some, if merely spiritual, way the genius of her mother's old lover had descended through that mother's brain as a mantle upon herself."

Riviera Towns. By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS. With 32 full-page illustrations by LESTER GEORGE HORNBY. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

MR. NORMAN DOUGLAS's pictures of Mentone were to be the last word to us of the Riviera. Only such a writer of genius could interest us again in that betridden ground. But here we are back, perforce, to the trivial picturesque. We are thankful the case is no worse. Mr. Gibbons's is above the average of guide-books, and at least there are the charming illustrations of Mr. Hornby, which have real distinction of outline and atmosphere. Fortunately, too, Mr. Gibbons does not keep us to the sea-front. There are places of beauty he knows of in the countryside. This way to the ancient buildings and the old customs! "Bully stuff here," said the Artist. "In buildings, in villages, have you found anything as fascinating as the purple and red on the mountain snow over there? It just gets the last sun, the very last." This way, please!

Exhibitions.

THE DESIGN OF THE THEATRE.

IT is good news to hear that the exhibition of designs for the theatre which was opened in January at Amsterdam by Mr. Gordon Craig is shortly to be brought to London. We have had periodical exhibitions of Mr. Craig's work, and small shows of theatrical designs by various single artists; at South Kensington last year one small room was devoted to a rough historical survey of stage art. But a comprehensive international exhibition of the art of the theatre, such as has been got together in certain Continental cities at various times, is, for London, something of a novelty. At Munich and Milan there are permanent museums of the theatre; it is certainly time that such an institution was established in England.

The Amsterdam exhibition is limited in its scope. Except for a collection of actors' masks from Java and other non-European countries, it is an exhibition of contemporary art alone. The first room is devoted to Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia. Their designs are the only contribution that may be called historical. Practically all of them are familiar to those who are interested in stage decoration. Mr. Craig appears, in fact, as the "great ancestor" of the exhibition; there is hardly a design which does not show some trace of his parentage. The whole exhibition is a tribute to his genius; to his genius, that is, not for practical stage work, but for what is much more important, for inspiring a vast

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generation of younger artists. It is curious to note the varying extent to which different countries have contributed. The most important sections are those of Germany and England. There is a certain amount from Russia, including various designs which ought never to have been admitted to a theatre exhibition at all; Holland shows work mainly of a severely academic character; the Latin countries next to nothing. There is a room full of American work, but it shows America chiefly as a land of well-developed females and ingenious photographers. But the division of the collection according to countries is in some ways confusing. It shows us certainly in which countries there is most interest in modern theatrical art, but it disguises the fact that the best work is very international. Gordon Craig works for Moscow, Komisarjevsky for London, Duncan Grant for Paris. To separate Germany and Austria is impossible. There are innumerable artists working in all capacities for North German theatres who belong to all sorts of nationalities. Aravantinos at Berlin is a Greek, Delavilla at Frankfurt a Spaniard; Ernst Stern is a Roumanian Jew.

An exhibition of this kind is curiously difficult to appraise, and may well be bewildering even to stage artists of long practical experience. There are drawings for costumes without scenery, for scenery without costumes; there are models, there are photographs. It was my good fortune that I had seen, either in England or in Germany, the actual presentation on the stage of a considerable proportion of the exhibits. A drawing for the stage is apt to be misleading. Judged by his designs, Lovat Fraser would be the weakest exhibitor in the English room; everybody who has seen his work on the stage knows that he could hold his own there with anyone in Europe. The designs of Paul Nash and Albert Rutherston, effective as they were in execution, are far more personal and individual in the drawings, which show the artists' characteristic and fascinating types of line. On the other hand, one can recognize the work of Ernst Stern the moment the curtain rises, for he imposes his very personal line on his fundamental architectural conception. Emil Pirchan, one of the most daring scenic artists of Berlin, is represented only by miserably inadequate photographs of designs that, on the stage, were astonishingly effective; and their effectiveness on the stage was inseparable from the plays for which they were made and from the way in which those plays were produced. Among the most arresting things in the exhibition are curious architectural designs for complete theatres. Poelzig, the architect of the Grosses Schauspielhaus at Berlin, sends a series of drawings for the Festspielhaus at Salzburg, vast fantasies of nightmare baroque. The practical effect of the Grosses Schauspielhaus, ingenious as it is, does not encourage me to hope that these and other such dreams may ever be fulfilled; on the other hand, practicable designs for simple open-air theatres, such as any Corporation might be able to erect in a public park, would have contributed ideas of real usefulness.

There are many German designs which do possess this real usefulness, for they are attempts to solve the problem of producing economically and in small theatres plays which demand a large number of scenes. Such plays are fairly common in Germany; Goethe's contemporary Büchner, who is being frequently revived, is as difficult to stage as Goethe is in "Faust," and the example of "Faust" has been followed by Wedekind and many modern dramatists. How far German designs are likely to be useful to the English stage is another question, for German work is planned for repertory theatres in which audiences are willing to accept an extreme economy of material, and stage hands are willing to undertake an enormous amount of work. The Germans make far more use than we do of different levels. Huge flights of stairs are mounted on rollers and shifted easily during an evening; Pirchan's "Richard III." (Berlin, State Theatre) secured marvellous effects in this way. In England, where provincial theatres are supplied by touring companies which bring their own scenery, and the London theatres may run a single piece for five years, or change hands every month, the accumulation of stage material that can be used over and over

again in different combinations is not practicable. For any theatre where it is practicable, there could be no more valuable lesson than that supplied by Louis Jouvet's scientific architectural drawings of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier.

Mr. Gordon Craig has often insisted that the painter's mind is out of place in the theatre. This exhibition provides interesting material by which designers may be classified as either painters or architects. There can be no doubt that the stage decorator must conceive his work from an architectural point of view, even if the representation of buildings forms no part of it. I have seen in Germany many appalling examples of painters' work—scenes conceived with no reference to the play which is to be given in front of them, designs which might be charming as book illustrations for a page no larger than this, but which, magnified to an area of thirty feet square or more, become gross and hideous in the extreme. There are still some designers who have not forgotten Wagner's own suggestions for Klingsor's garden with its flowers as large as the flower-maidens. On the other hand, certain attempts to realize an effect of drawing were conspicuously successful on the stage. Pirchan's "Marquis von Keith" (Wedekind) was a case in point. If I say that both that and his "Richard III." rather suggested pages of "Simplicissimus" come to life, it may give some idea of the effect. The whole production of "Richard III." was profoundly impressive. "Der Marquis von Keith," a play of modern Munich life, was almost entirely in black and white—white screens as a background, black furniture, black costumes, the cut of which was curiously distorted and exaggerated. But along with this there were countless details of stage-management which kept up the same fantastic atmosphere. The actual stage pictures were rigidly architectural in this constant employment of various levels and of strong vertical lines. Another black-and-white experiment, again for a play of Wedekind, "König Niccolò" (Stuttgart), by F. Czirossek, made use of a black background on which the various scenes were suggested by outlines very conventionally drawn in white. Here, again, much use was made of various levels, and color played a large part both in the dresses and in the lighting. It must always be borne in mind that lighting is an integral part of stage design. In this matter English theatres have much to learn from Germany. The movable inner proscenium now adopted in most German theatres has solved many problems of illumination, and has rid the German stage of the horrible horizontal sky-borders which still disfigure ours. The employment of powerful head-lights is at times abused, and leads to an inartistic separation of the actors from the background, but it has at least overcome the awkward limitations of the English system of limelights directed from perches on the main proscenium wall. One may regret that the technical aspect of the stage finds hardly any place in this exhibition, but its exclusion has at least the advantage of concentrating the visitor's attention upon the imaginative aspect of the theatre. The outstanding characteristic of the whole exhibition is its indifference to realism and its persistent assertion of poetic and imaginative principles in the treatment of drama.

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The Drama.

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If the business of criticism be the discovery of masterpieces, how comes it about that our dramatic critics express no concern at the failure of masterpieces to appear, and, when one of these rarities occurs, do not notice its advent? I need give no examples—the crucial ones of Ibsen and the early Shaw will suffice—but it might be interesting to suggest why the attitude of expectation that some day the best kind of dramatic writing will appear, and that the whole world of the theatre will be rejoicing in it, is so rare. I insist on the great importance of such a disposition. To my mind the



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critic of the drama should be continually reverting to the mood of the Jewish people about the Messiah. "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" said the pious Jew. "Is this the mantle of Shakespeare, or even the hem of his garment?" should be the keynote of that minute and painstaking research to which the true lover of letters is committed. For when the standard of the best is set up, the criticism of the second-best, or of the positively bad, becomes (if the literary equipment be adequate) a fairly simple matter. And how fruitful must this method be upon the sensitive material of the artist's mind! How it must encourage and stimulate him! How seriously must he take his profession! And what a vastly heightened affair must the immortal quest of the crown of wild olive henceforth become!

Now I decline to put down this incuriousness about dramatic masterpieces to want of ability in our critics. There are many powerful and keenly analytical minds at work on the drama in London and elsewhere. But I do suspect one specially predisposing cause (there are others) in the mechanism of their profession. That is their occupation with this kind of writing to the exclusion of other literary interests. Just as I, who write much on politics, often find my mind ceasing to work with freedom upon that subject, so do our specialists of the stage neglect the fertilization of their minds with soil drawn from other fields of thought. Is that a paradox? I do not think so. The drama is not Art. It is a form of art. It is not Life. It is an expression of life. And if it is treated as the thing in itself, the study of it tends to become an expert examination of its rules and conventions, instead of a continual reference to its place in the general scheme of art, to poetry, music, painting, and sculpture, and no less to religion, to history, and to politics. In a word, I believe that in the narrow expertise of our times, the divining power shrinks and is finally lost.

I venture to apply these remarks to the criticisms of Sir James Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" at the St. Martin's Theatre. For the most part this work is dismissed as a "practical joke" (in indifferent taste), "a Barrie," indeed, but a wrong, because an unexpected, an uncontracted-for, "Barrie." The joke is that the author, meaning to write a three-act play, produces a single-act farce, and thus palms an unfinished work on the public. Now it happens that "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is finished to the last hair, and that its dramatic scheme and critical intention end with the fall of the curtain. But my point is that the error of the critics arises from a misconception, not of the method of the play, but of its meaning. It is assumed that "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is an uncompleted crime-story. It is, in fact, a parable. There is no single murderer to be discovered. The guests at Sam Smith's Round Table are all murderers. Or rather they, like their Inquisitor, are spiritual, or, like the dream-people in Poe's stories, apparitional figures. They are all the world; or all society. They are the sheep of the weekly admonition in the Common Prayer Book. They are the individual conscience—the guilty soul of our old friend Everyman.

For this sudden dive of Barrie's into morals, philosophy, religion, all in the guise of a wicked-looking and witty farce, his critics were, I suggest, unprepared, because they were thinking, not of the mind of the artist and its incurable habit of becoming a law unto itself, but of its familiar and customary mould. Which is as much as to say that because Shakespeare had written "Romeo and Juliet," where love is everything, he had no business to write "Hamlet," where love is nothing. On the contrary, if our critics had sought for the stamp of genius instead of merely examining the hall-mark of use and wont, they must, I think, have divined that this strange, and even cruel, fantasy obeyed all the higher laws of the dramatic art. Note, for example,

1. Its use of the element of surprise.
2. The attitude of terrified expectation, aroused in the actors, and transferred to the audience.
3. The employment of simple physical means—the courtesies of the dinner-table, and the passage of the meal itself—to heighten the moral and symbolic effect of

the drama. (Compare the porter's speech and the knocking scene in "Macbeth.")

4. The resort to familiar comic effects (*e.g.*, the superstition of the thirteen diners) to prepare the mind for the tragic ones.

5. The hint of the supernatural (*e.g.*, the "dark passage," and the forced assemblage in the "butler's room") so as to emphasize the visible and material terrors of the scene.

6. The rapid and continuous evolution of the characters of the actors (*e.g.*, the increasing desire of one criminal to betray another, the husband to give away the wife, the "brother" the "sister").

7. The economy of the dialogue joined to its appositeness.

I have six other points, but I reserve them. Let me merely add that the gaiety of the audience showed them to be of the critics' opinion, not of mine. They treated "Shall We Join the Ladies?" as a good, if puzzling, "Barrie."

H. W. M.

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."

THERE can be no doubt that "Troilus and Cressida," as given last week by the Marlowe Dramatic Society in the A.D.C. Theatre at Cambridge, was a very beautiful production. The graceful lines of the reconstructed stage; the artistic backgrounds, especially the bold designs—Cubist, or Vorticist, or something newer and better?—for the scenes of storm and battle; the fine color-scheme of the costumes; the exquisite pictorial groupings, that stretched, like large mural decorations, from the top platform to the flights of steps connecting the stage with the floor of the house, and the seductive old English music, were all a delight to eye and ear. Then there was the fact that the task of resuscitating a little-known and unpopular play of Shakespeare's had been seriously undertaken, the encouraging sign that it was played without "cuts" of consequence, the absence of any angling for applause in spite of the demonstrativeness of the audience. All this allowed one to measure the strides taken in the last ten years by the art of the dramatic amateur—for we must henceforth give him the italics that convert the name from a deprecating to an honorific one. The whole enterprise was a thing of which any dramatic society might be proud, and for which any audience should be grateful. That tribute we wish to pay in full before making any reservations.

Of these the chief proceeds from a doubt whether this charming setting quite fitted this peculiar play. It had a cleanness and simplicity belonging to the Troy of the epic. Now Shakespeare's Troy has nothing to do with Homer or Virgil. Really the most appropriate mounting would have been in the Renaissance classical style, with warriors in embossed armor, and the plumes and velvet of Court masques. Coleridge shaved the truth about this play without hitting it when he said that he was "half-inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object was to translate the heroes of paganism into the not less rude but more intellectually vigorous warriors of Christian chivalry, to substantiate the graceful outlines of Homer into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama, and to give a grand history piece in the robust style of Albert Dürer." Shakespeare's object was not, in fact, one half so grandiose, but he was dealing with figures of medieval chivalry as seen through the glass of the Renaissance. The knights Ajax and Hector tilting in the lists before Troy, Thersites the lords' jester, Patroclus the saucy page, Cressida the *mignonne* of refined Courts who has learned how "to use my mask to defend my beauty," even the curious adaptation of Church Hours in the phrase "ere the first sacrifice," these belong to the world of Ariosto and Amadis de Gaule. "Troilus and Cressida" is neither a "grand history piece" nor yet a deliberate historical parody. It is a play of Court life—of Renaissance Courts and camps with their luxury, intrigue, sensuality, and treachery—written in a mood of bitter cynicism. There is very little of the true Shakespeare in this involved and fatigued work, except

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Thersites's outbursts against "Lechery, lechery still, wars and lechery." But place it in its real, not its assumed, period, and it loses the flavor of parody. It is unnatural for the Achilles of Homer to have Hector stabbed unarmed by his myrmidons; not at all unnatural for a *condottiere* of the age of Strozzi with spadassins ever at command. Cressida, the daughter of the seer Calchas, should not be a cultivated coquette, but Cressida, the contemporary of Mary Fitton, may behave without incongruity in the fashion of her kind.

To realize this is to see that the play requires much subtlety of acting; it is the comedy of an age of polished depravation. Exactly those *nuances* of humor and corruption are, however, what an *amateur* finds it hardest to portray. His strength lies in straight sincerity and in the opportunity of bringing his personality to bear. This is not the least discredit to him, but it does not fit him to give the Achilles, the Ajax, the Nestor, or the Ulysses of this poem, complex types all of them from the complex world of Shakespeare's epoch. To this must be added the law or convention that imposes male actors for the women parts at Cambridge. A male Cressida! A male Helen! A male Cassandra, a male Lady Macbeth, a male Ophelia, if you will, but a male representative of these quintessences of feminine craft! It is only remarkable that the performers of the parts at Cambridge achieved all that they did. It was as clever as could be, but it was a hopeless task. We cannot praise them by name, for a self-denying ordinance (most unfair to the critic) withheld all names from the programme. Similarly we cannot tell whom we applauded as Troilus, an actor of remarkable natural gifts who yet did not bring out half that is in him, or as Patroclus, an effective small sketch, or as Cassandra, with a single entrance of which the full value was seized. But everywhere was the mark of serious work, and nowhere personal show or affectation.

D. L. M.

Science.

THE BIOLOGICAL BASIS OF PERSONALITY.

I HAVE been reading a very entertaining book by Dr. Louis Berman, an American physician. It is entitled "The Glands Regulating Human Personality,"* and is the first attempt, so far as I know, to sum up for the general public the co-operative functions of the endocrine system as a whole.

Everyone is by now familiar with the general rôles of the better-known ductless glands, such as thyroid and pituitary. People know that the thyroid, in the words of McCarrison, is "the draught regulating the fire of life," that it controls the intensity of the general chemical processes of the body; they know that the pituitary, from its cradle in the base of the skull, is responsible for growth, especially the growth of the long bones of the skeleton, and also for the proper utilization of sugary and starchy foods; they know that the adrenals by the kidneys send into the blood in times of stress a secretion which mobilizes, in very various ways, the resources of the organism as a preparation for violent effort; they know that the interstitial tissue of the reproductive organs is responsible for the proper development of sexual characters of body and of mind alike; they know that the pineal body is not, as Descartes thought, the seat of the soul, but has something to do with regulation of growth and maturity, and that the pancreas and thymus and parathyroids also have their special rôles to play. But the idea of the system as a whole being the physical basis of that elusive something we call personality is new to them.

The history of physiology and medicine is interesting as regards this point. That different types of personality existed was obvious; and they were classified by the early physicians under the four well-known heads, the phlegmatic, the choleric, the melancholic, and the sanguine. To account for them, the theory of humors was advanced; it was supposed that different

blends of the watery humor phlegm, the fiery humor yellow bile, and the earthy humor black bile were at the bottom of the various temperaments. Control of personality was also ascribed to astrological influences; according to the day of the week on which a man was born, he was jovial, martial, saturnine, and so forth. The astrological theory naturally soon disappeared; but with the advance of science it became clear that neither did the humors have the effects ascribed to them, and not only was the whole humoral theory dropped in the nineteenth century, but the scientific investigation of personality was discredited. The analytic method was in fashion; physiologists dissected the functions of the body as anatomists dissected its organs, and the whole aim of their science was to discover a physico-chemical explanation for some phenomenon of life. A reaction was bound to come in time; and come it did, towards the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century. Physiologists became more and more impressed with the idea of the organism as a whole. Loeb wrote a book with that title; Sherrington stressed the way in which the nervous system integrates and synthesizes our activities; Haldane hammered away at the amazing capacity for self-regulation exhibited by all higher animals; and the ductless glands, with their controlling and co-ordinating power, were discovered and investigated.

A new epoch was inaugurated when Sir Arthur Keith threw out the suggestion that most of the characteristics which separate the chief races of the world are due to differences in their glandular make-up, some possessing a relatively larger thyroid, others highly developed adrenals, and so forth. From this it was but a step to the idea that the differences in temperament and personality which we see around us were equally due to such differences in the components of the ductless gland system; and it is this thesis, which Dr. Berman is advancing in his book, which has started me off on these reflections.

For him the old types, based on the preponderance of particular humors, are to be supplanted by new ones based upon the preponderance of particular glands—the thymocentric, the pituitocentric, the adrenocentric, and so forth. "The masculine pituitary personality . . . is the ideal virile type" (p. 212). "In an adrenal personality, the epidermis is always . . . pigmented . . . When the adrenal type has a properly co-operating pituitary and thyroid, he possesses a striking vigor, energy, and persistence. . . Among women the adrenal type is always masculinoid. . . An adrenal type will probably be the first woman President of the United States" (p. 205). "The persistent thymus, like a vindictive Electra, stalks the footsteps of its victim, its possessor" (p. 222). I leave the extracts to speak for themselves. They reveal both the merits and the defects, in matter and in style, of the book.

Dr. Berman, as is usual with the enthusiastic proponent of a new thesis, exaggerates its importance to the exclusion of other ideas. The psychologists and psychotherapists, for instance, would, I am sure, not be willing to see the nervous system completely passed over as a factor in personality. On the basis of their studies they had already established two types of personality, the extrovert and the introvert, according to whether the subject was more preoccupied about himself and his thoughts, or about the external world; and, as MacDougall has pointed out, these two types probably have a congenital basis in some peculiarity of the brain-cells connected with the speed and readiness with which associations are formed.

On the other hand, it is certainly clear that temperament is not wholly or even mainly dependent upon peculiarities of nervous organization. A shrewd observer who has been for some time preoccupied with eugenic questions and the biological aspects of human life, once expressed his views to me on the problem of the selection-value of human traits in our present type of society. He said that the more he thought over the subject, the more convinced he became that what one usually called "brains"—cleverness, ease of mental association, facility of learning, readiness of memory—

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were of far less importance in the struggle for success than those less readily definable qualities which go by the name of temperament—perseverance, energy, buoyancy, imperturbability, poise, cheerfulness, and suchlike. There can be very little doubt, after the last ten years' work, that qualities such as these are mainly determined by the ductless glands and as it were impressed by them upon the mind, in just the same way as the specific sexual instincts, though of course in a sense dependent on the structure of the brain, can only be evoked when the secretions of the interstitial glands of the reproductive organs enter the blood and act upon the nervous tissue.

No doubt there are a thousand and one facts still to discover about the exact mode of action of the ductless glands; no doubt attempts like this of Dr. Berman's to present a picture of their personality-regulating power as a whole are at present inevitably incomplete, exaggerated, occasionally even erroneous. But the main thesis, I think, holds good; and we are thus enabled to do what, after all, is one of the primary aims of science—to interpret the more in terms of the less complex, to discover, beneath apparently unanalyzable phenomena, a mechanism whose nature is more comprehensible, whose workings are more within our powers of direction.

The discovery of the atom and molecule as the basis of chemical action led to clear thinking and control in chemistry; the discovery of the factor and the chromosome as the physical basis of heredity is leading to clear thinking and control in the science of genetics; the discovery of the interacting system of the ductless glands as the material basis underlying personality will lead to clear thinking, and may, it can safely be prophesied, here too, in the very sanctum of metaphysico-religious thought, lead to control. Truly the old order changeth; and the old illogical dualism gives place to the new and fruitful monism.

J. S. HUXLEY.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 18. Royal Institution, 3.—"Radio-activity," Lecture III., Sir Ernest Rutherford.
- Sun. 19. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Rise of Secular Ethics in the Eighteenth Century," Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell.
- Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C. 1), 5.—"Planning of an Industrial Town," Mr. Raymond Unwin.
- Mon. 20. King's College, 5.30.—"Goudimel and the German Psalter," Rev. G. R. Woodward.
- University College, 5.30.—"London Chronicles and Chronicles," Lecture IV., Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
- Aristotelian Society, 8.—"Some Byways of Theory of Knowledge," Prof. R. F. A. Hoernlé.
- Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"The Building Timbers of the Empire," Mr. H. D. Searles-Wood.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Constituents of Essential Oils," Lecture I., Mr. L. Guy Radcliffe.
- Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"The Geography of the Treaty of Rapallo," Major Harold Temperley.
- Tues. 21. Royal Institution, 3.—"Racial Problems in Asia and Australasia," Lecture V., Sir A. Keith.
- Royal Statistical Society, 5.15.
- King's College, 5.30.—"Treaty Papers: their Evolution and Use," Lecture III., Dr. Hubert Hall.
- Zoological Society, 5.30.—"The Zebras and some Antelopes of Angola," Mr. Gilbert Blaine; and other Papers.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—"All-Electric Automatic Power Signalling on the Metropolitan Railway," Mr. W. Willox.
- Wed. 22. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"The Helio-Alpine Treatment of Surgical Tuberculosis," Mr. A. J. Morland.
- Geological Society, 5.30.—"Leonardo da Vinci as a Geologist," Sir Charles J. Holmes.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Late Mr. Holman Hunt's Experiments on the Permanency of Artists' Oil Colors," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
- University College, 8.—"Occupational Mortality," Mr. M. Greenwood.
- Thurs. 23. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Cinema as a Zoological Method," Lecture II., Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell.
- Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Specific Heats of Air, Steam, and Carbon Dioxide," Sir Richard Glazebrook; and other Papers.
- King's College, 5.30.—"The Social Outlook of Puritanism," Mr. R. H. Tawney.

- Fri. 24. Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C. 1), 3.—Second Anniversary; Address by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher.
- Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Indigo Situation in India," Prof. H. E. Armstrong.
- Royal Institution, 9.—"Auxiliary International Languages," Prof. F. G. Donnan.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

FINE ARTS.

- Bell (Clive). Since Cézanne. II. Chatto & Windus, 7/6.
- Charterhouse, Godalming, and District. Thirty-seven Views, with Notes. Guildford, Farfield, 97, High St., 6/6.
- *George (Lloyd). By Mr. Punch. Introd. by W. Algernon Locker. Cassell, 5/-.
- *Lucas (E. V.). Vermeer of Delft. II. Introd. by Sir C. J. Holmes. Methuen, 10/6.

MUSIC.

- De Falla (Manuel). El Amor Brujo (Love the Magician). Ballet in One Act by G. Martinez Sierra. Music by Manuel de Falla. Chester, 15/-.
- National Opera Handbooks. Parsifal.—The Mastersingers. Both by A. Corbett-Smith. Grant Richards, 1/- each.
- Rosenfeld (Paul). Musical Portraits: Interpretations of Twenty Modern Composers. Kegan Paul, 10/6.
- Wagner (Richard). Œuvres en Prose. Traduit par J. G. Prod'homme et L. van Vassehove. Tome X. Auber, Beethoven, L'Opéra. Paris, Delagrave, 6fr.

GAMES AND SPORTS.

- Cox (Harding). Chasing and Racing: Some Sporting Reminiscences. Lane, 12/6.

LITERATURE.

- Atkinson (Geoffroy). The Extraordinary Voyage in French Literature, from 1700 to 1720. Paris, Champion, 15fr.
- Bibliographies of Modern Authors. 4. John Collings Squire and James Stephens. Compiled by L. A. Williams. Leslie Chaundy, 1/6.
- *Eastman (Max). The Sense of Humor. Scribner, 10/6.
- Gosse (Edmund). Aspects and Impressions. Cassell, 7/6.
- Holmes (Mabel Dodge). The Poet as Philosopher: a Study of Three Philosophical Poets: Noëce Telpsum; The Essays on Man; In Memoriam. Pennsylvania, the University.
- *Matthews (Brander). Essays on English. Scribner, 10/6.
- *Mencken (H. L.). The American Language: an Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. Cape, 30/-.
- Mitchell (J. M.), tr. Petronius, Leader of Fashion. Translation and Notes by J. M. Mitchell. Routledge, 8/6.
- Pauphilet (Albert). Etudes sur la Queste del Saint Graal. Paris, Champion, 20fr.
- *Tagore (Rabindranath). Creative Unity. Macmillan, 7/6.

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